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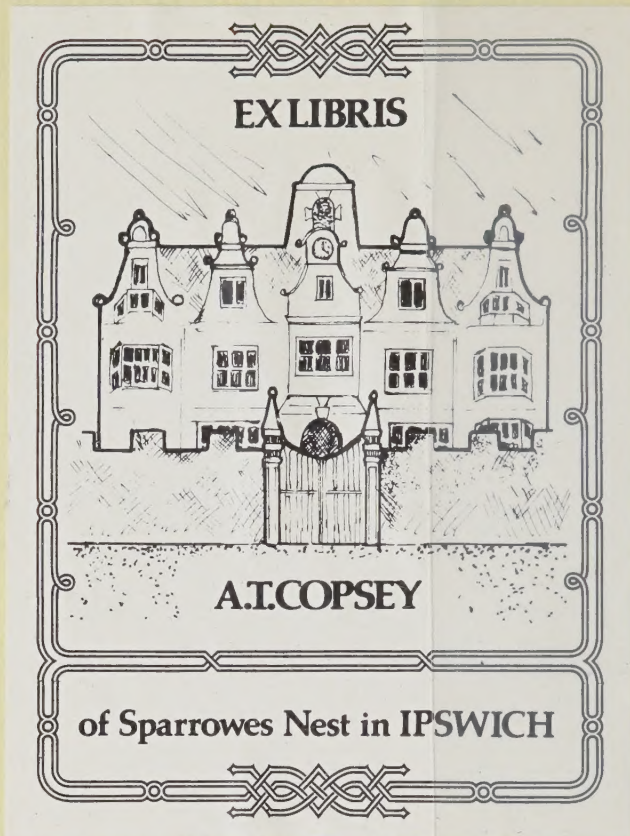




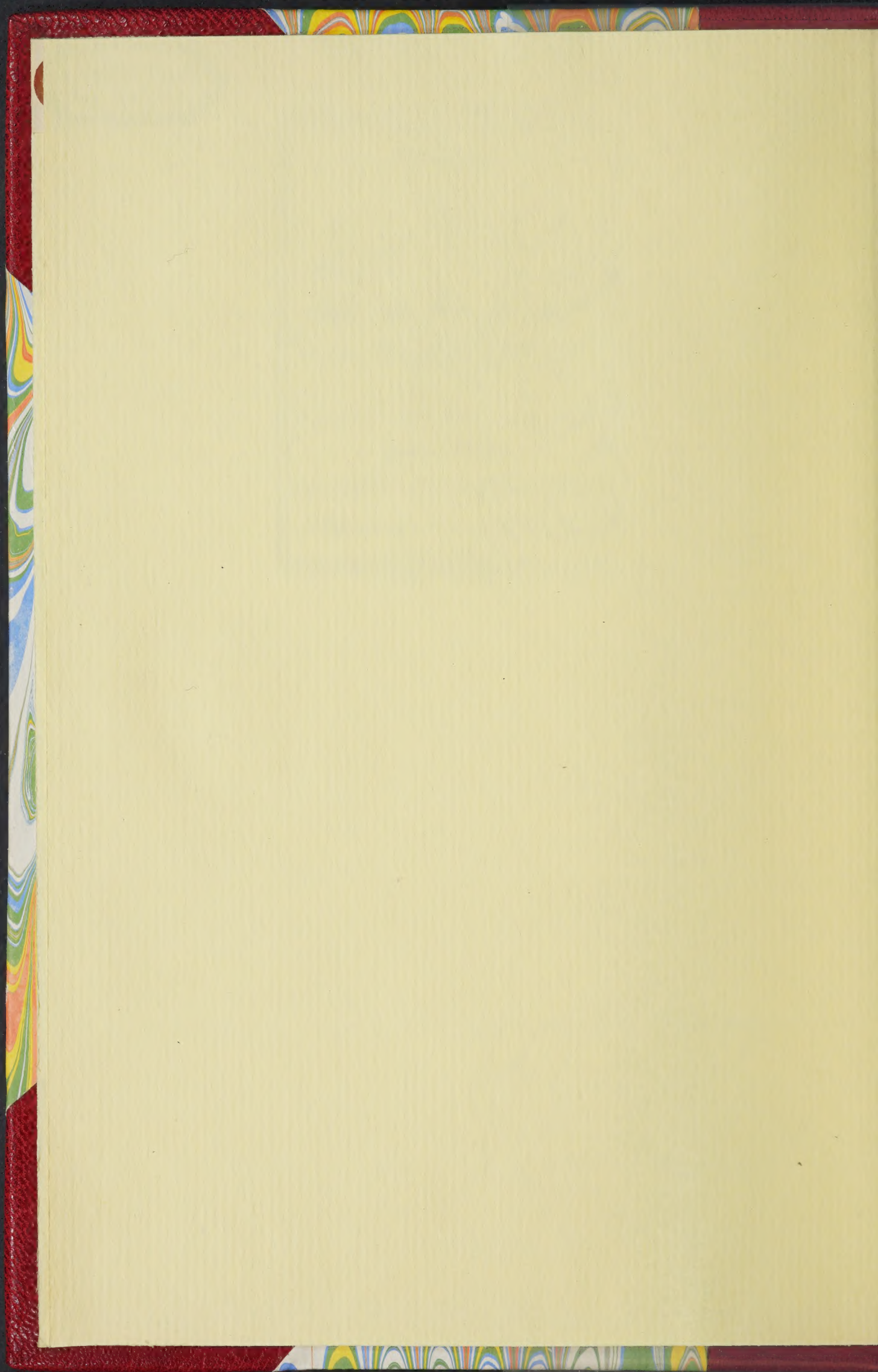


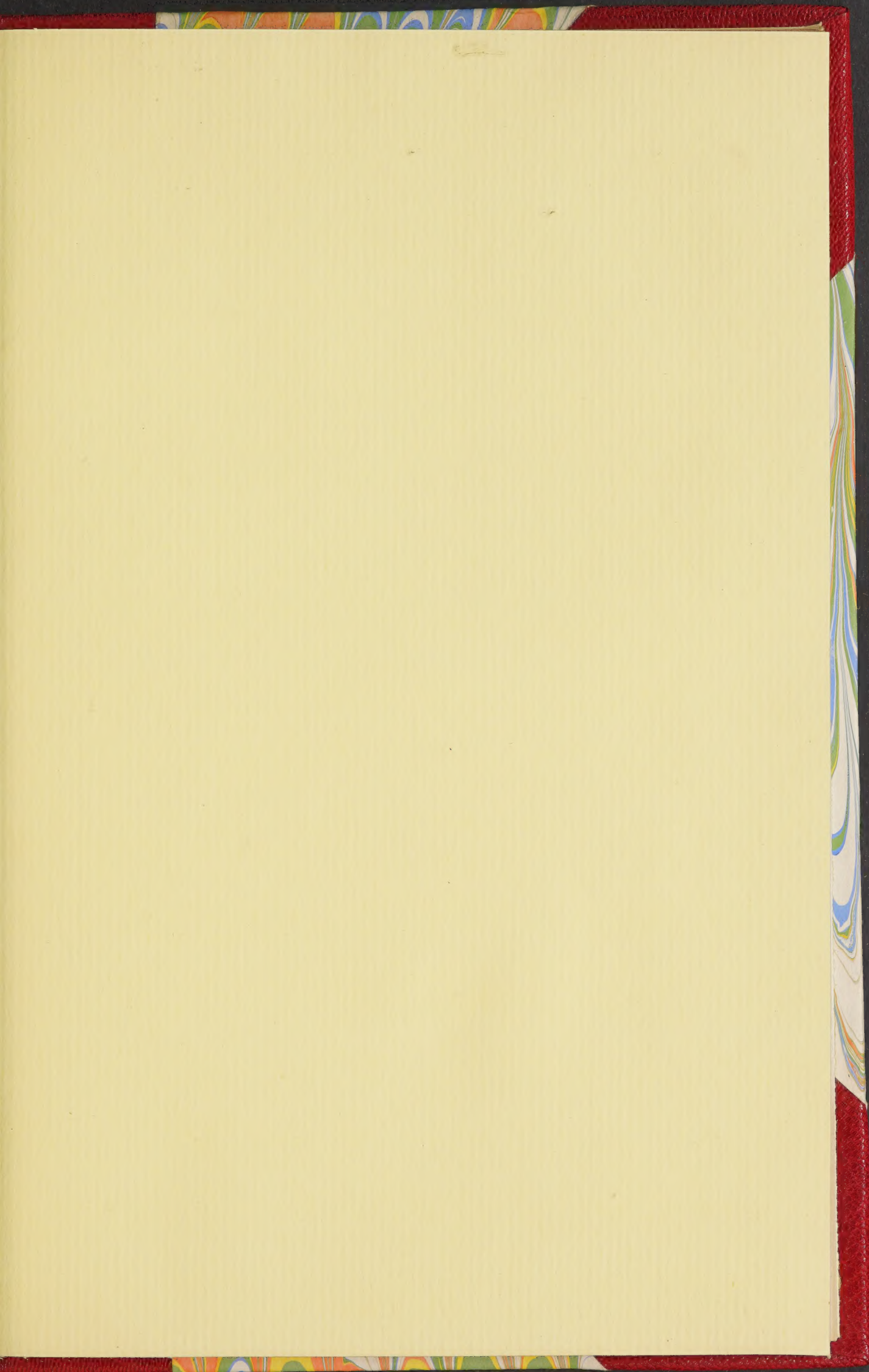
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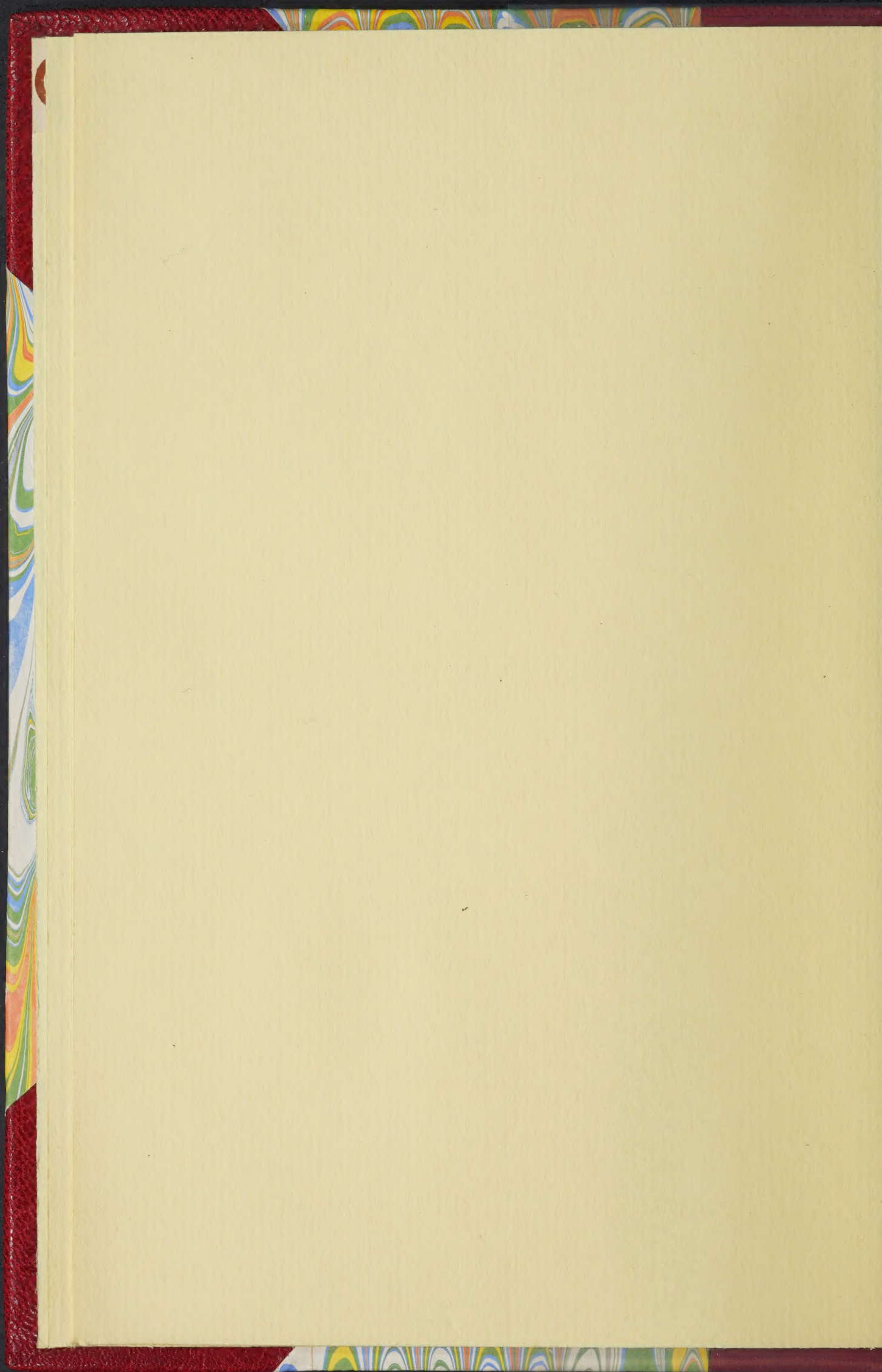
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CURSORY NOTES

ON

VARIOUS PASSAGES IN THE TEXT OF
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,

AS EDITED BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER DYCE;

AND ON HIS

“FEW NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE.”

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MITFORD.

Ὡς λέγει γέρον γράμμα.

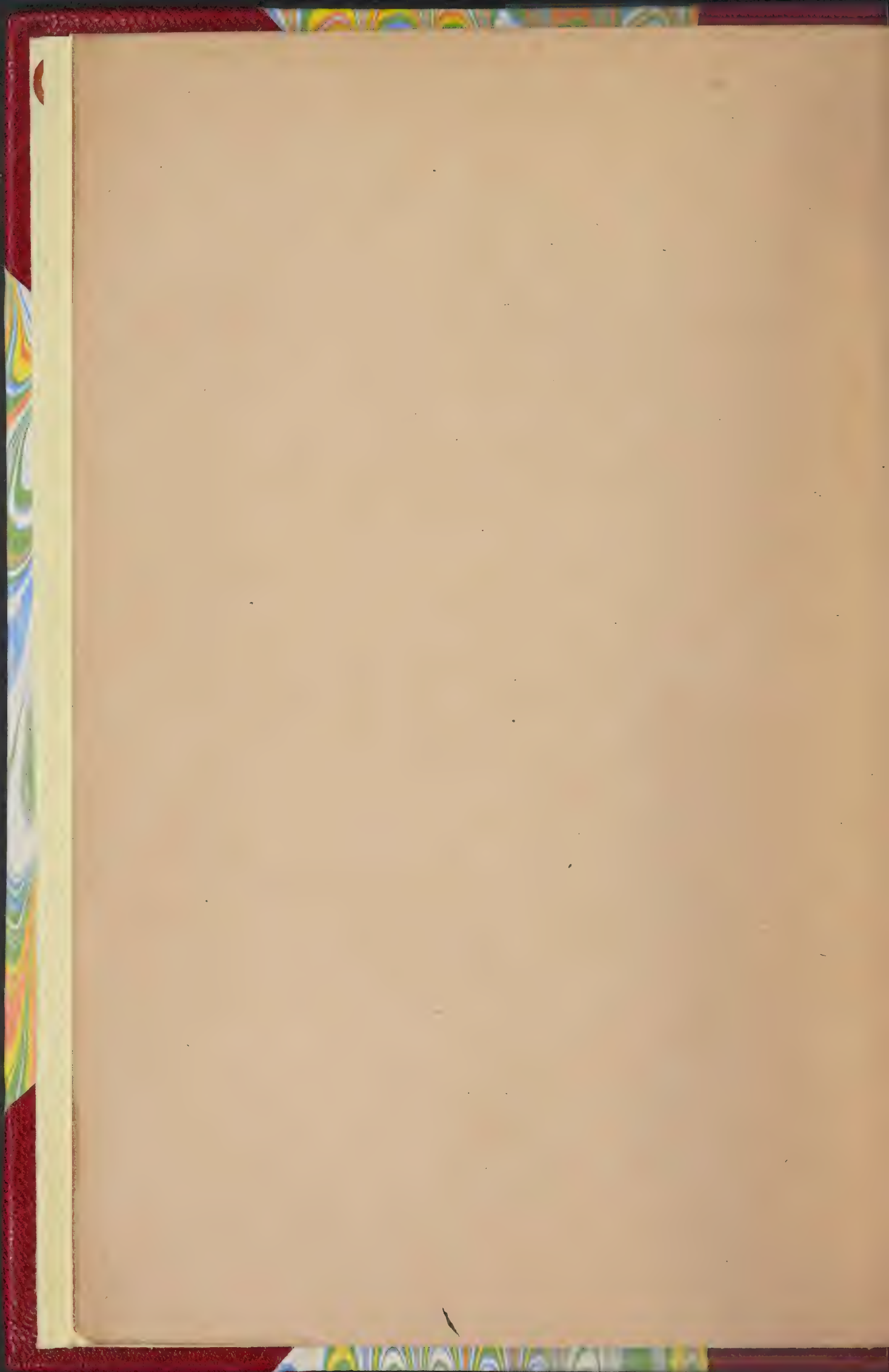
ÆSCHYLI *Fragm.* CXXIII.

LONDON:

JOHN RUSSELL SMITH, 36, SOHO SQUARE.

1856.

Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.



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PREFACE.

“Primo rerum aspectu, cum investigandæ veritatis copia non est, falli possumus, et fallimur, idque a naturâ suâ genus habet humanum: ast ubi temporis ope mentis ille primus conatus deferbuit, et rationis lumine res discuti cœpta innotuit, humana id monstrat conditio, ut errorem, quem ipsi evitavimus, posteris ut evitent, ne nobis ipsi injurii esse velimus, proponamus.” “Habui quod verum esse pronuntiarem; habui, quo falsitatem, sed breviter et pro temporis opportunitate depellerem.”—LEONIS ALLATII *Animadv. in Antiq. Etrusc. Fragmenta ab INGHIRAMIO edita* — 1640, 4to.

“In delectu notarum, hanc rationem sequebar, ut quæ alibi essent obvia, ferè transilirem. Id profitendum jam nunc fuit, ne quis hic quæreret, quæ interpretum eruditissimorum passim extantia satis scripta declararent. Nec tamen *nova* me omnia gloriôr afferre; benè meum agi putaturus, si vel pauca protulisse judicer, quæ hoc serum Spicilegium, post uberrimas aliorum messes, non usquequaque infelix probent.”—PETRI POSSINI, s. 1, *Presb. Spicilegium Evangelicum*, p. 1, ed. 1712.

THE notes, though few in number, which are here presented to the reader, will form the best proof of the estimation in which Mr. Dyce's edition of Beaumont and Fletcher is held by me. I have emulated the diligence, though I might not possess the learning, of the editor; and have examined the entire work with that care that is due to the high reputation of the critic, as well as to the great and varied excellence of the authors, whom he has so curiously and successfully illustrated.* Indeed Mr. Dyce has favoured us with an edition, so rich in all the required learning, as much to surpass any previous attempts of the same kind on the same text. He has collected in one view all the variety of

* “After all, Beaumont and Fletcher are but an inferior sort of Shakespeares and Sidneys.”—C. LAMB.

readings which the different editions have afforded ; and he has much assisted the reader by his judgment and knowledge in the selection of those which have the most claim to be adopted ; which are most congenial to the spirit of the authors, and suitable to the language of the times.* By his intimate acquaintance with the dramatic vocabulary of our early stage he has preserved readings which former editors had rejected, and explained what they had misunderstood ; and he has often thrown light, altogether new, on those idiomatic turns and forms of expression which gradually appear to arise, and to be willingly admitted, before the full establishment of grammatical construction, and which constitute a peculiar and characteristic feature of every language;† which are not to be examined with philosophical analysis, nor subjected to grammatical restriction, but received at once on the authority of usage and prescription. Mr. Dyce has also shown much judgment in his decisions on the conflicting claims of conjectures made to improve a text, left inaccurate by the negligence of the

* Mr. Seward's paraphrastic versions and supplements are inadmissible, as being mere *guesses* at the truth, and also as generally wanting in poetic spirit and feeling; he has indeed attempted what genius itself could not successfully accomplish—"Facile excidisse aliquid intelligitur. Ingenii vero solertia non sufficit ad locos restituendos, in quibus ne constat quidem, *dequâ re agatur*." "Horum verborum," says a learned editor of an ancient poet, "quid verum sit, explorari vix potest, nam facile quidem est ad dicendum quid poeta scribere potuerit, sed *quid scripserit, perquam difficile*. Quamobrem, nescire nos quid poeta spectaverit, fateri, quam vanis hariolationibus indulgere maluimus."

† The following observation of a great master of language and criticism, on the subject on which we are treating, is worthy of attention:—"Non, cum primum fingerentur homines, *Analogia* demissa cœlo formam loquendi dedit; sed inventa est, *postquam* loquebantur, et notatum in sermone, quid quomodo caderet. Itaque *non ratione nititur sed exemplo*; nec lex est loquendi, sed observatio, ut ipsam analogiam nulla res alia fecerit, quam consuetudo."—*Vide Quintil. Inst. Orat.* lib. i, c. vi. To this, let me add the authority of an acute Greek grammarian:—"Ad eos qui in omnibus verbis regulas et similitudines quærunt: non oportet (inquit magister) in omnibus rebus quærere canones firmos, et typos certos. Nam primis inventa sunt ab hominibus vocabula propter necessitatem mutui colloqui: *Postea*, ars superveniens quædam potuit in ordinem redigere et in similitudinem quondam reducere, sed quæ non potuit, *ἔλασεν ἐφ' ἧς εἶχον συνηθείας*, in ea quam habuere, *reliquit consuetudine*."—*Vide Choerobosc. in op. πρὸς τοὺς ἐν πᾶσι, &c.* To apply these observations to the present subject in particular, let us use the words of a French critic:—"Quoique dans les questions de philosophie on ne doit pas tant avoir d'égard à l'autorité de ceux qui parlent, qu'aux raisons que l'on apporte, ce n'est pas de même, lorsqu'il s'agit des *langues*. Comme elles sont fondées sur *l'usage*, et que cet usage s'est établi, avant qu'on parlât de grammaire, ou d'analogie; on ne peut presque pas douter qu'on n'ait corrigé mal à propos bien des passages des anciens, et qu'on ne soit trompé dans une infinité des recherches touchant l'antiquité, pour n'avoir pas assez pensé à cette maxime."

writer, or mutilated by the ignorance and haste of the transcriber or printer; and in those passages where the words admitted a doubtful interpretation, the reader will find no safer guide than in the cautious and careful direction of one,* to whom the peculiar genius of the writers has been more fully unveiled. In short, all the assistance that could be afforded by variety of research, and familiar acquaintance with the subject, will here be found; and he who peruses the annotations to these volumes with the careful attention they deserve, will close his labours with that increased knowledge which will facilitate his progress when he enters the general field of dramatic literature; and with the conviction that the editor is in every way equal to the importance of the undertaking,—that he possesses many of the qualities said to be found wanting in one of his predecessors, but which are considered necessary for the successful accomplishment of his task—"the vigour of imagination to make a poet, and the strength of judgment to make a critic."

It may then be reasonably asked, If such is the superior excellence of this edition—if such is its fulness of information, and accuracy of remark—whence arises the necessity of these supplemental observations, and where are the defi-

* Time, which Napoleon was used to say was the best *answerer* of letters, will also so act in criticism, as to spare the necessity of numerous conjectures, as it does in surgery, to save the patient from many needless operations.

Μέλλων τ' ἰατρὸς, τῇ νοσῶντι δίδου χρόνον,
'Ιάσατ' ἤδη μᾶλλον, ἢ τεμῶν χροά.

To what extent "the Pruritus Emendandi" can go, may be seen in an emendation by Warburton to a line in Henry VI:—

"That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death."

"Shakespeare (says Warburton) wrote—

"——— draws a sword, *i' th' presence 'ts death.*"

"This reading," says a brother of the same craft, "*can't be right, because it can't be pronounced!*"

The most extraordinary typographical error in the text of one of our poetæ majores, is surely that of "*Cerberus*" for "*Erebus*," in the *L'Allegro* of Milton, not only because it was not corrected by the author, but passed on through each successive edition to the present time. A professor of poetry, an historian, and editor of poets, however says, "That Milton had a right to marry *Midnight* to whom he pleased." Certainly; but why select *Cerberus*—a husband with four legs and three heads and throats, chained to a post for life in the entrance of hell, and of a most disagreeable colour, temper, and disposition? *Midnight*, like a Moravian sister, never could have been permitted to see (if *Midnight* can see) her husband before the marriage was settled and arranged by the poet. In this case—

"——— the funeral baked meats
Would coldly furnish out the marriage tables."

ciencies that provoke still further inquiry in the investigation of truth? To this I am led to reply, from my partial experience in this branch of literature, that no edition of a great author, who lived whether in ancient or modern days, long anterior to the times in which his works call for illustration, can be satisfactorily formed, except through the united labours of successive commentators. Certainly such is the case in ancient literature—that what has passed through the hands of Scaliger may be improved by Bentley, and yet leave an ample harvest to succeeding critics;* and the same cause acts on the works of *our* earlier writers, requiring the same means of elucidation as those still further removed from us: customs have been forgotten, manners altered, language become obsolete or capriciously changed, and even the very forms in which they have been transmitted to us by the press,† are disfigured by such extraordinary corruptions as to form a new source of difficulty, that can never be entirely overcome. Every one, therefore, who is capable of labouring in this field is called upon for his assistance. Some necessary information may be added by him to the general store: some difficulty that had escaped others may in a happy moment, and when the inspiring genius is favourable, be

* The particular allusion here is to "*Manilius*," which poet was edited by Jos. J. Scaliger, subsequently by Richard Bentley—the two greatest scholars who ever appeared; and yet the ablest and most successful critic on the same poet, gleaned in the field they had passed over, is one of a far less glorious name—Adrian Heringa.—*Vide Observ. Select. Critic.* 8vo, 1749.

† In the play of *Timon* the following passage occurs—

"——— Go bid all your friends again—
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius, all:
I'll once more feast the rascals."

The first folio (1623) has—

"Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius, *Ullorxa*, all,"

which last amorphous and unseemly word, *Malone* has retained in the text! and *Steevens* says, "it is, however, a name unacknowledged by Athens or Rome!! What is it then? In my opinion, the writer in the prompter's copy was puzzled, as usually they are in proper names, especially ancient ones; not being certain of the spelling, he placed in the margin (a common custom) the letters of which he was doubtful;—whether *Lucullus* should be spelt with two *U*—whether "*Sempronius*" should be "*Sempornius*"—and whether "*xa*" should be used for "*se*."—This careful memorandum of the writer, the compositor, absolutely bewildered by the mass of learning before him, took in the lump as he found it, and carried into the text. We do not know what the modern editors have written on the subject, but *Messrs. Malone* and *Steevens* have not added "a sprig of laurell" by this note to their general reputation.

removed; he may bring a mind furnished with new materials, enlarged with wider associations, and animated with warmer feelings to his work of love.* Doubtless we have been, in this department of dramatic literature, much indebted to the industry and skill even of inferior workmen; and the names of Theobald and Hanmer are permitted to divide the glory of erecting the monument that has been raised to the memory of Shakspeare from his own works, together with the more illustrious ones of Warburton and Johnson.

Εἰς δ' ἄνθρω οὐ πᾶνθ' ὁρᾷ.†

* "He," says a late lamented writer, "who understands *Shakspeare*, must admire and love him; and unless we admire and love him, we cannot possibly understand him."—The writer: Charles Julius Hare.

† The reader will perhaps allow me to give two restorations, which I have attempted of passages *utterly corrupt* in the text of *Shirley*, after Mr. Gifford's hand had been tried on them.

1. THE GRATEFUL SERVANT.

Astella. You may lead me with gossamer, or the least thread
The industrious spider weaves.—

Jacomo. *Whimseys, caribit soes.*

Gifford's Note.—"Jac. Whimseys. Caribit soes." Perhaps we have some vulgar exclamation, miserably disjointed at the press—if not, the ambitious Jacomo is far above my comprehension. The publisher of the second edition *has exchanged one piece of hopeless nonsense for another*, and gives the passage thus:—

Whimseys our ibit soes.

Note by the present Writer.—The publisher of the second edition has, instead of exchanging *nonsense for nonsense*, given us a variation, which has enabled us to follow the track up to the true reading, which, without it, would have been impossible.

Ed. 1. Whimseys! caribit soes.

Ed. 2. Whimseys! our ibit soes.

True reading. Whimsys! or idiotcies!

Jacomo is ridiculing the fine, affected, and exaggerated language and phrases of *Astella* and *Lodovick*.

2. THE GAMESTER.

Hazard. We have enough of the tribe. I am sorry I cannot
Furnish her expedition with a *pair*
Of your garters.

Wilding. I ——— of Athens grown.

For this Gifford gives the following extraordinary alteration:—

Hazard. ——— I am sorry I cannot
Furnish her expedition with a *pear-tree*
Of your garden.

Wilding. Ay, of Athens growth.

Adding the note—"I have endeavoured to make these lines intelligible at least.

There is a popular story of this kind, which is alluded to by Timon. It was a wife, however, and not a mistress, who was furnished with a *pear-tree* for her journey." Had Malone ventured on such an alteration, how severe would have been the castigation! The passage, however, is easily brought right, the corruption being in the two last words.

Hazard. ————— I am sorry I cannot
Furnish her expedition with a pair
Of your garters.

Wilding. Ay—of *your own garters*,
I know thou art more charitable.

The words, "*Athens grown*," being "*your own garters*," the words mangled, and letters transposed. Put the words in order thus { *your own garters* } and it will be seen at once. Corruptions equal to these are not uncommon in the old and wretched editions of this excellent though neglected dramatist, regarding whom we also are much indebted to the present editor, whose hand is always open, when an aged broken-down playwright begs for assistance. Had the present edition appeared a few years since, the following sentence would assuredly not have been written:—"I cannot read Beaumont and Fletcher but in *folio*. The *octavo* editions are painful to look at. I have no sympathy with them." So wrote *Charles Lamb*; who would have spoken of Mr. Dyce¹ in other words than he did of Mr. Malone—as one who was not content with covering Shakespeare's text with a mass of dull prose, but he must also *whitewash* that old and venerable face, and bribe the Stratford sexton to let him cover that immortal head—"cheek, eye, and eyebrow—with a coat of white paint." "By [—]," says the counterpart of *The Enraged Musician*, "if I had been a justice of the peace for Warwickshire, I would have clapt both *commentator* and sexton fast in the stocks, for a pair of meddling, sacrilegious varlets."

¹ The public has a debt of gratitude to pay to this gentleman, independent of that which they owe to him as a *Sospitator Poetarum Scenicorum*:—few are ignorant of that rare store of literature which he has collected on his shelves, which has supplied him with the means of enriching his editions with such copious and various learning. Provident of the future, as careful of the present, he has secured this treasure, by a wise disposition, from being lost to posterity: and so let us express ourselves in words that record a similar act of magnanimity by an equally eminent scholar of a former age:—"Non verendum est (thus writes David Ruhnken concerning the noble legacy of the library of Tiberius Hemsterhuis), ne talis thesaurus in dominos literarum rudes incidat, aut dissipatus pereat. Nam inusitatâ liberalitate totum illum Thesaurum, Bibliothecæ publicæ Leidensi (scr. *Oxonienſi*) post fata sua, donare constituit; jam nunc fidem suam omnibus ita astringens, ut hæc publica voluntatis declaratio, testamenti vim habere possit."—*Vide Elogium Hemsterhusii a D. Ruhnkenio*. Let us hope that the University may long be kept out of the learned treasure thus munificently bequeathed.

CURSORY NOTES.

"Conjectural criticism has always something to abate its confidence. If we suppose all corrupt that is inaccurate, there will be no end of emendation."—JOHNSON.

"In conjectural criticism the perfection of the art consists, in producing a given effect with the least possible force."—TYRWHITT.

VOL. I.

THE WOMAN-HATER.

P. 30. Before his *slain* wife gave him that offence.

As no allusion has been previously made to his (Gondarino's) wife having been *slain*, the commentators have altered the word to "late;"—and to "lain," in the sense of "buried." Indeed the word "slain wife," for murdered, sounds strange, and seems scarcely idiomatic. "Late" is a mere conjectural substitute, and "lain" I think speaks for itself. My reading would be—

Before his *stain'd* wife gave him that offence,
in the ordinary sense of "dishonoured, disgraced"—and in the *stain* is the offence.—*Virg. Æn.* x, v. 851, "Maculavi crimine nomen."

THIERRY AND THEODORET.

P. 182. "May you starve, and fear of the gallows (which is a gentle consumption to it) only *prevent* it."

"Prevent" is a conjecture of Mason's, with which the editor is not quite satisfied, the old editions having "prefer it." *Seward* printed, "preserve you from it," and in a note, "defer it." I propose reading, "only prefer to it," moving the word "*to't*" from its present place, to follow "prefer," as Mason's reading of "consumption to 't," for "compared to it," is not readily to be accepted.

PHILASTER.

P. 210. Till they saw Philaster ride through the streets *pleas'd*, and without a guard, *at which* they threw their hats and their arms from them.

The editor very reasonably asks, "Can the true reading be *releas'd*?" I had conjectured, "Without a guard and *pleas'd at which*, they threw their hats from them." Thus making any alteration of the *words* of the text unnecessary.

P. 246. *And* so high and glowing, that *other* kingdoms far and foreign. 'This line, as the editor calls it, "of formidable proportions," was curtailed and thus rendered by Theobald—

So high and glowing, that kingdoms far and foreign,
and I think, very judiciously; for "and" is quite unnecessary, and so also is "other." The editor however refers for authority to a verse in *The Woman Hater*, p. 40, of similarly disproportionate length:—

Heaven, if my sins be ripe, grown to a head,
And must attend your vengeance, I beg not to divert my fate,
Only to reprieve awhile thy punishment.

However, I think this may be set right, by considering "grown to a head" as a various reading, or marginal explanation, of "ripe," and reading—

Heaven, if my sins be ripe, and must attend
Your vengeance, I beg not to divert my fate, &c.

Mistakes often occur from the printer copying from the manuscript all the materials and alterations of a line, of which the reading is not definitively finished, and not separating the final improvement, or the first, from the second thoughts.

P. 259. — Oh my fortune!
Then 'tis no idle jealousy, &c.

If "Oh! my fortune" is to be replaced, I should recommend as its substitute, not "Oh! *my* misfortune!" but "Oh! misfortune!" as less colloquial, and common, and therefore more poetical.

P. 264. What are the hounds before, and all the *woodmen*?

The editor's note—"Woodmen, foresters." Now, properly speaking, a *woodman* is a hunter, and a *woodward* is a forester, or keeper of the woods, who has no connection

with the chase. "He," says Bishop Sanderson, in his sermon, "that would be a skilful *woodman*, will exercise himself first by shooting at a dead mark." See vol. ii, p. 32, note.

P. 292. *Bath'd* in new brave ballads.

Theobald printed "grav'd;" but the editor has judiciously preferred Heath's conjecture, "*bawl'd*," if only for the alliteration—"Sung in sonnets, bawl'd in ballads;" and alliteration is one form of wit, however slight, as—"Thou art the honeycomb of honesty; the garland of good will, &c."—FORD'S *Broken Heart*, act iv, sc. 2.

P. 296. And let a man-of-war, an argosy,
Hull, &c.

Theobald's explanation of "hull"—"when a vessel floats or rides idle to and fro upon the water"—quite agrees with the meaning in *Paradise Lost*, lib. xi, ver. 840—

"He looked and saw the ark *hull* on the flood,
Which now abated," &c.

"The ark no more now floats, but sure on ground."

It is a word used by Sandys in the *Psalms*, and Massinger in *A Very Woman*, 1655, 8vo, act v, sc. 1st:

"Becalm'd and *hull'd* so up and down twelve hours."

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

P. 336. "Commanding Æolus."

I must consider this as a marginal direction, and not as a part of the text.

P. 338. And leav'st their *losses* open to the day.

The editor has with judgment, instead of "blushes," retained "losses" in the text; the nature of which seems explained in the next stanza.

P. 386. He has undone thine honour, poison'd thy virtue,
And of a lovely rose left thee a *canker*.

The editor explains "canker" as "a wild dog-rose;" but surely a garden-rose diseased and blighted does not become a wild dog-rose. Its true meaning is explained at p. 408 as a wormy disease:—

I was once fair;
Once I was lovely, when blooming ripe,
More chastely sweet, till thou, thou *foul canker*!
Stir not! didst poison me.

The text of Shakespeare will afford authorities, as—

“Some to kill *cankers* in the musk-rose buds.”

Midsummer Night's Dream, act ii, sc. 3.

“In the sweetest bud the eating *canker* dwells.”

Two Gentlemen of Verona, act i, sc. 1.

“Hath not thy rose a *canker*?”

1 *Henry IV*, act ii, sc. 4.

“The *canker* galls the infants of the spring.”

Hamlet, act i, sc. 3.

Dr. Richardson indeed says, that “In Devonshire the dog-rose is called the *canker*-rose;” but if so, doubtless it took that provincial name from its being, as it is, very subject to a disease from an insect that infests it, and destroys the bud.

P. 422.

Oh! Heaven.

Weber unnecessarily altered this to “Oh! God!” following two other quartos. These, and similar words connected with religious subjects and scriptural expressions, were often expunged by the Licensor,* and the blank space filled up *ad libitum* by the compositor. See examples, vol. ii, p. 153; v, 141; ix, 232; x, 300; xi, 319.†

VOL. II.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

N. Field's verses, p. 7—

But let Art look in Truth; she, like a mirror,
Reflects her *comfort*.

Editor's note.—“The three latest quartos have ‘consort.’ The meaning of the passage is far from clear;”—but the writer, N. Field, praises the play for an elegant propriety of diction, including a moral purpose in its plot. This, he says, the ignorant will not understand; but let Art look into Nature, and she will, as a faithful glass, reflect the true fea-

* This practice was not unknown among the ancients. In Claudian, *De Consulatu Honor. Aug. v. 96*, “Oh! nimium dilecte Deo cui militat alto *Æolus*,” some of the old copyists, not bearing the mention of a pagan god to a Christian prince, erased *Æolus* and supplied its place by *Æther*, &c.

† A statute (3rd of James I) laid a penalty for the profane use of the name of *God* in stage plays, &c. “This statute,” Mr. Steevens says, “was necessary; for not only the ancient moralities, but the plays (those of *Chapman* in particular) abounded in the most wanton repetitions of a name which never ought to be mentioned in such an irreverent manner on the stage.” The poetry of the Drama at all times, must confess to this guilt: its object being to give a supposed *spirit* to the sentiment and expression.

tures of her *consort*, and Art and Nature (Truth being another name for Nature), being united, form the excellence of the dramatic invention, which mere opinions cannot injure.

———— “I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That Art and Nature ever were at strife in.”

Vide FORD's *Lover's Melancholy*, i, sc. 1.

P. 48. Thenot's speech—“This is the cabin,” &c. and editor's note, p. 49, p. I conceive that the whole of this speech is addressed to the *moon*, whom he personifies as the *sister* of Apollo, though calling her a “blessed star;” nor, indeed, could the language in which she is represented as infusing into the breasts of mortals a soul more valuable than the gift of *reason* itself (that separates man from the lower creatures), be applicable to a mere woman—the shepherdess Clorin.

P. 77.

———— This spring of thine,
Let it of nothing taste but earth
And salt conceived in its birth.

The editor says, “I have restored these lines, though I must confess I do not understand them.”—Marini, addressing the river god, prays that nothing injurious or unwholesome may infect the purity of his waters—no poisonous animals, as the newt (eft) and toad; no veins of nitre or brimstone spoyle their taste; but that they may have only the natural flavour of the earth from which they rise, and what he calls the *salts* that are native to them; by which the muriates and sulphates, which are found in some proportions in all waters, are intended, and which go under the general name of salts, forming by their relative quantities, hard or soft water. These make component parts of all waters; but not so brimstone or nitre, and mineral substances, which are *foreign* to them, and destroy their purity and salubrity.*

P. 106.

Like thunder 'gainst the bay.

The editor's note—“Bay is here used for laurel.” No! the bay-tree is emphatically *THE* laurel, and it is in the *bay* (*i. e.* the true laurel) that the quality here mentioned by

* The *soil* must be renew'd, which often wash'd,
Loses its treasure of salubrious *salts*.—COWPER's *Task*, book iii.

the poets is supposed to exist—*Laurus nobilis*, the laurel of the ancients. The plant that we now in England call the laurel, is a *prunus* or *cerasus*—the *Lauro cerasus*, or cherry-laurel; it was unknown to the ancients, and was only introduced into Europe in 1576, and indeed it is *not* mentioned in Gerard's *Herbal* so late as 1597, so that it has not been known much above 250 years. The *bay** and *laurel* seem used for the same tree in Ford's *The Sun's Darling*, act ii, sc. 1, p. 353, ed. Weber.

P. 117. To cherish him whose many pains and sweat
Hath given increase, and added to the downs,
Sort all your shepherds from the lazy clowns
That feed their heifers on the budded broom, &c.

A distinction is here made between the shepherd-farmer, who has stubbed up the thorns, furze, shrubby wood, &c. on the wild lands, recovered them from the waste, and converted them into good pasture for the flocks; and the "lazy clown," who is contented to lie down in idleness, merely accompanying his heifers and cattle to feed and wander at will among the broom and heath, in their natural, uncultivated, and much less productive state. This is a picture that preserves its truth to the present day.

P. 120. "Rack." A sea fog, which in cold evenings in spring, succeeding hot days, and accompanied with an east wind, rolls over to the land, reaching some miles inland, is provincially called "a roke."—*Suff. Gloss. MS.*

KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.

P. 191. And in a *tub* that's heated smoking hot.

Editor's Note—"The process of sweating patients afflicted with the venereal disease, is often mentioned in our old plays, &c. with a variety of jocular allusions." A view of such a patient in his tub, looking very wretched and penitent, warning off some *bona robas*, who have come to visit

* The *Lauro cerasus*, or common laurel, is too tender to bear the climate of Germany, and does not thrive well even at Paris. The *Laurus nobilis*, or bay-tree, is still more tender, and will not succeed if planted much north of London. The late severe winter (1855) has probably destroyed half of those that were in England—except in the southern counties. In my garden all, even of thirty years' growth, were killed.

him in his affliction, is to be seen as a frontispiece to Randolph's *Cornelianum Dolium*, 1638, 12mo. In my copy, in an antique hand, is written—

Young man, take warning by my fate,
To lead a chaste and virtuous life;
All wanton peats' allurements hate,
And cleave unto thy wedded wife;
To Cicely, Susan, or to Kate.
So may you 'scape the bitter ills
Of Esculapius' searching pills."

KING AND NO KING.

P. 314. I say you palter: *the must* three times together.
I wear as sharp steel as another man,
And my fox bites as deep: *musted*, my dear brother,
Put to the case again.

The editor says—"Musted may perhaps be right, but I have felt strongly inclined to alter it to *must*, as the early possessor of the first 4to. has done." I consider it to be a corruption of "*must be*," the *b* reversed would form *d*. See the preceding dialogue—"This *must be* granted." "Still the *must*—give me the *must*," &c. This change of the letter is very common, and is just now before me—"Use elephants and *barbed* horses" for *barded*. Vide Ford's *Perkin Warbeck*, act iv, sc. 4.

CUPID'S REVENGE.

P. 362. Wore their own faces (though they wore gay clothes),
Without surveying.

I think that the text may be right. "Wore their own faces," without looking at them in the glass, though they still wore gay clothes; an allowable gratification, which painting the face with false colour was not.

P. 366. "Who kneel."

I can see no necessity for believing, with the modern editors, that a line has dropt out, seeing the sense is perfect.

P. 379. *Leuc.* ——— Fare thee well,
Mine own good Bacha, I will make all haste.
Bacha. Just as you are a *dozen*, I esteem you—
No more.

Mason would read "donor," whose "tameness is shocking" to Mr. Weber. I would read "doter" (dotard), as used by

Shakespeare (*v.* Index), and explained by the dictionaries—a man fondly and weakly in love, as Leucippus was.

“I may be cozened, but sure, if I can,
I’ll have no *doting*, but a doing man.”

F. HAYMAN’S *Quodlibets*, p. 29.

P. 407.

——— Oh! good gods!

What *qualities* thus pass by us, without reverence.

The word “qualities” is a guess of Sympson’s, as “virtues” is of Seward, and “faculties” of the editor: the original word being “frailties.” Though not believing that “qualities” is the poet’s own word, I think the editor has chosen for the best. “Faculties” does not seem to agree so well with the phrase “pass by us.” If “frailties” is to be retained, it can only be, by supposing the speech unfinished, and abruptly stopped by Leon.

P. 407. *Bacha.* Done with! Oh, good gods! &c.

The editor says—“Altered by the editors of 1778 and Weber to ‘Done with *him*!’ but previously the 4to. ed. 1635, had given ‘Done with *him*!’” which indeed is the true reading.

P. 393.

Your whore you shall never ———

I would make this a broken speech. In the next line read—

A little left to keep me warm and honest,

omitting the first “me” after “left,” which is quite unnecessary: “me” occurs five times in five lines, and in this place belongs not to the poet, but to the printer.

THE TRIUMPH OF HONOUR.

P. 490.

——— ’Tis to murder

The fame of living men, which great ones do
Their studies strangle, &c.

See the long note and the various interpretations of the commentators. I would read, “Their studies *strangling*,” by which their reputation and fame are injured or destroyed.

P. 493. “Eaglet [].” The editor judiciously fills up this extraordinary blank with the word “talons,” but is in doubt as to the cause of the omission, which certainly is not clear, as the sense could not demand a word either improper or obscure. I think it might be by a blunder of the compositor, who, having wrongly joined the *t* to “eagle,” to make “eaglet,” had only a mutilated word, “*alons*,” which

he declined inserting. "Eagle talons" is the reading I should adopt.

"When I was about thy years, Hall, I was an
Eagle's talon in the waist."—*Vide Henry IV*, act ii, sc. 4.

The contrast which Nicodemus makes between his own power and the insignificance of Cornelius, is diminished unnecessarily by the diminutive, *eaglet* (a young eagle). But *perhaps* the poet's word was "unces" (claws), which the printer, not understanding, *omitted*, thinking it could not be right. It is a word however authorised by Heywood. What if the word was written *talents*, as not unusually it was, and the printer did not understand it? See Mr. Dyce's Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, act ii, sc. 7, p. 51, "with greedy *talents*;" and his reference to *Love's Labour Lost*, act iv, sc. 2, "If a *talent* be a *claw*."

VOL. IV.

WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

P. 119. March off amain, within an inch of *fircug*,
Turn me o' the toe, like a weathercock.

Other editions, as second 4to and folio, read "fircug;" Theobald, "firelock;" Weber, "firecock;" "but the right reading," says the editor, "remains yet to be ascertained;"—which may be, in my opinion, "*fire-plug*." In the preceding line, should not "then" be "there," *i. e.* in your understandings?

P. 139. Let Mims * be angry at their *St. Bel-swagger*.

The conjectures and authorities cited in the note leave this singular expression still unexplained. "Belswagger" I believe to be the same as "Belly-swagger," and that to be identical with "swag-bellied," as in *Othello*, act. ii, sc. 3—"Your swag-bellied Hollander;" or in Brown's *Vulgar Errors* (given by Dr. Richardson), "his *swaggy* and prominent belly." The addition of *Saint* in this passage, and the mention of church-buckets and engines in the one quoted from Dryden, would lead us to suppose, that it was an allusion to a braggart or bully connected with the church, whether as parson or beadle, or in some other place of

* John Heywood the dramatist was born and lived at *North Mims*, which thereby has become a spot of classical interest.

authority; and both passages seem to infer that it was a *woman's* riot. "The suds and dish-water" of this passage, and "the wife," calling out in Dryden's *Spanish Friar*, act v.:

"You are a charitable *Belswagger*. My wife cried out, 'Fire! fire!' and you brought out your *church-buckets*," &c.

P. 177. ——— Run you into questions,
Who *built* the Thames?

If the reading of this passage be right, I should conceive that it alluded to the banks of the Thames being (unlike some other rivers flowing through cities, as the Seine at Paris, and the Tiber, which have open quays) closely covered with buildings to the water's edge, as it appears to have been from very early times.

"Here to the Thames-ward, all along the strand
The stately houses of the nobles stand."—*Dubartas*, iii, 2.

THE WIDOW.

P. 318. A scornful *gom*.

The editor, I think correctly, says, "This cannot be the right reading."—I believe it to be a mere printer's corruption of "a scornful *wom-an*."* See in a speech, a little previous, p. 317, "*Fran*. You play a *scornful woman*!" again, "Learn you to play a *woman not so scornfully*;" again, "Thou art too good to be a *woman* long—Do not find fault with this, for fear I prove too *scornful*." On the unusual word *gom*, as signifying a *man*, see the editor's note.†

VOL. V.

P. 140. ——— Had it been
To any of a *higher strain* than you, sir,
The well-known, well-approved, and lov'd *Miranda*, &c.
I had not thought on't.

I do not feel sure that "higher strain" is not the true reading, taken in the sense authorised by the dictionaries, of an arrogant, haughty temperament; but when Sympson speaks of the "*even temper and disposition of Miranda*," he forgets his language to Mountferrat,

Thou liest, thou liest, Mountferrat, thou liest basely, &c.

* Of all our early dramatic poets, none have suffered such *mangling* by the printer as Beaumont and Fletcher.—HALLAM'S *History of Literature*, vol. iii, p. 586; but *quare* Marlowe and Shirley?

† "*Raro* occurrentibus verbis abstinendum est; quod sæpe accidit, ut talia *melioribus libris inspectis*, vitiosa reperiuntur"—a rule strictly to be regarded.

and Mountferrat's speech to him,

I have forgiven and forgot your *rashness*, &c.

"*High*" is given by lexicographers in the sense of "proud, violent, and arrogant"—one of "high heart."

P. 186.

A dog stav'd.

A strange and awkward expression. I should be inclined to read—

Thou art a dog—I will make thee swear—a *starv'd*, mangy, cur dog, omitting the repetition of "dog" a second time.

Thus I had written ;—but the remembrance of a passage in 1 Samuel xvii, 43, has made me retain the original text—

"Am I a *dog*, that thou comest to me with *staves*?"

P. 248.

"Like two sailing cedars."

This expression occurs again in *Lovers' Progress*, act i, sc. 1, but I do not know in what other place or author ; and I am in doubt whether it means (1);—that the overspreading boughs and expanded umbrage of the cedar resemble the sails of ships ; (2)—or whether it is used in the sense in which the ancient poets used the "*pinus*," as being the material of which ships were built in the countries of the East, and in Judæa in old times, as among the Romans, they were constructed of fir and pine : thus, "*cava pinus*" and "*pontica pinus*," were used for the *ship*. "Like to the cedar in the loftie sea," is a line in the old play, *John à Kent and John à Cumber*, p. 16 ; but it throws little light on the passage, and perhaps should be read, "Like to the loftie cedar in the sea."

VALENTINIAN.

P. 270.

Max.

——— I danger !

I willing to do anything ! I *die* !

The old editions have "dig ;" "die" was introduced in 1778, in which reading I quite agree, with the slight change—

I'm willing to do any thing ; ay, die !

To "dig" does not at all suit the disordered and tempestuous state of Maximus, nor the furious and deep revenge he meditated. See his previous speech, p. 269, "Truly spoken !" &c.

QUEEN OF CORINTH.

P. 400. Perhaps (for the editor thinks the defective metre should be supplied,) we should read

I am *oerjoyd*, *my lord*; indeed I know not
What to reply,

which would not disturb the established text by introducing *so*—"I am *so* overjoyed," nor require *oerjoyd* to be altered to *overjoyd*.

P. 404. Last line, read—

———— If I speak
Too much, though I confess *it*, I speak well.

The metre is thus improved, and "confess" is more generally used actively. The old reading—"though I confess I speak well."

P. 415. These *stick* like comets, blaze eternally,
read "*strike* like comets." "These blazing starres dreadful to be seene."—"There no planets *strike*."—*Hamlet*, act i, sc. 1.

P. 431. What! Monsieur Onos! the very *pump* of travelling!—
See *Woman Pleased*, vol. vii, p. 70:—

"This is the bravest Capitano Pompo;
But I shall *pump* you anon, sir."

A learned friend has conjectured "pumpion," from vol. ix, *Rule a Wife*—

"Oh! here's another pumpion, let him loose,"
he means Cacofogo.

P. 449. Your honour's no whit less, your chastity
No whit impaired, for fair Merione
Is more a virgin yet than all her sex.

Here Agenor's speech should end; and the succeeding very pathetic exclamation belongs to Merione—"Alas! 'tis *done*!" The word, too, in which it is expressed, is the one appropriate to the deed alluded to, as—

"I would have told you in what case I was,
But you must needs be *doing*."

FORD'S *'Tis Pity*, &c. i, 18, ed. Weber.

VOL. VI.

THE MAD LOVER.

P. 134. Beaten about the ears with bawling sheepskins,
Cut to the soul *for summer*; here an arm lost, &c.

Weber's note is a piece of sheer absurdity. Theobald *
reads "Cut to the soul *for honor*." My reading is

Cut to the soul for summer-*sport*.

See a few lines further—

dead there,

And *all this sport* for cheese and chines of dog's flesh.

P. 166. Get thee to school again and *talk of turnips*.

Seward, always ready at a random conjecture, proposes
"turn-spits" most unadvisedly. Schoolboys talk of turnips,
as used at games of play. Anne Page says:—

"I had rather be set quick in the earth and bowled to death with *turnips*."
Vide Merry Wives of Windsor, act iii, s. 4.

A passage from a writer of the present day will illustrate
and confirm the text:—

"After a nephew has children of his own, lives at a distance, and finds
occasion to *talk much of oxen and turnips*, he ceases to be an object of any
very profound interest."—DE QUINCY'S *Autobiog. Sketches*, vol. ii, p. 314.

But it may be asked why *turnips* are mentioned rather
than any other vegetable? because they were rare at that
time, and lately introduced, in the same manner as *potatoes*
are alluded to in Shakespeare. A well-informed writer, in
a late work called *Table Traits*, tells us that "Turnips are
so comparatively *new* to some parts of England, that their
introduction into the northern counties is hardly a century
old." *Amherst*, of Merchant Tailors', the well-known
satirical writer, declared he was expelled the university,
"because he loved *foreign turnips* and Presbyterian
bishops." Lord Townshend is well known as having been

* Speaking of Theobald as a critic, Dr. Johnson (in *Othello*) says, "Theobald
trifles, as is usual." Malone's accusation against him, that "Mr. Theobald seems
to think that *any* word may be substituted for another, if thereby sense may be
obtained;" this is hardly just towards one who has done much service to the
dramatic pages: he had better left him to the playful malice of Pope. See the note
on *Henry V*, p. 441, ed. var. We have known when Mr. Malone has substituted
one word for another, *without* obtaining the sense.

influential in introducing them, to the great improvement of cultivation in Norfolk: hence Pope's line—

“All Townshend's turnips.”

Lindsay, Bishop of Kildare, used to say, “*If I know anything, it is the management of turnips.*”

I may add that the long note on *potatoes*, in the 15th volume of the *Variorum Shakspeare*, signed Collins (*i. e.* G. Steevens), needs some slight correction. . . . Whenever this plant is mentioned by Shakespeare, the *Convolvulus batates*, or *sweet potato*, is to be understood, not the *Solanum tuberosum*, or the one now in common use. The former was a favourite dish, and in high repute in France, some years previous to the introduction of the other. Tradescant* mentioned its becoming *rotten* in his garden at Lambeth as soon as winter approached, which identifies the more tender plant. Perhaps the best account of it is in Loudon's *Encyclop. of Plants*, p. 624. The sweet potato is now occasionally imported to England as a curiosity, and may be seen in the shops of the superior fruiterers and salesmen.

VOL. VII.

THE CHANCES.

P. 248.

Whose hard heart never
Slew those rewarders—(second folio).

Seward conjectured,

Whose hard heart never slew
Those ill rewarded. . . .

But there is nothing in this conjecture to compensate its deviation from the printed text. I am inclined to read—

Whose hard heart never slew
Those his *regarders*.

Not only are the letters *g* and *w* often changed in the printing, but “*regarders*” is a word used in subjects connected with love, as the present:—

“For it sit every man to have
Regarde to love, and to his might.”—GOWER, *C. A.*

* I am grateful to certain inhabitants of Lambeth, for having lately renewed with much taste and care the decayed monument of this early and illustrious botanist, “*acer et optimus investigator naturæ*,” in their churchyard. It is a monument that I, as a *κηποτύπανος*, piously visit during my annual sojourns in London.

“And as she shall me prove,
So bid her me *regarde*,
And render love for love,
Which is a just *rewarde*.”—WYATT.

“He should advaunced bee to high *regarde*,
Said they, and have our ladie’s love for his *rewarde*.”—SPENSER.

Reward and *regard* are so often and so closely joined in these and other passages, that they may easily be confused by such printers as were used in these dramatic pieces, and where there was probably no reader or corrector of the press.*

MONSIEUR THOMAS.

P. 377. Extreme strange—should thus boldly
Bud in your sight unto your son.

See a long and not satisfactory note of the commentators on the word “bud.” The editor more judiciously prints his conjecture *and*, not doubting the other word to be a corruption, in which I agree, believing the *b* produced by the preceding word “*boldly*” to have been in the printer’s heedless and hasty eye, which caught up its initial letter.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

P. 444. *Capt.* Up, soldiers, up! and deal like men.
Citiz. More water,
More water, all is consumed else.
Capt. All is gone
Unless you undertake it straight; *your* wealth too,
That must preserve and pay your labour bravely.
Up, up, away!

The editor writes:—“Mason says no amendment is necessary. . . . Weber gave another arrangement. I have tried a third, but none is satisfactory. The passage seems to be corrupted.” This corruption, in my judgment, extends only to a single letter. The captain is urging the lower kind of citizens to exert themselves to extinguish the fire. “All,” he says, “will be consumed and gone, unless

* What mistakes even *careful printers* will make we may learn from the authority of an editor who paid great attention to typography. “In three late proof sheets,” says Mr. G. Steevens in a note on *Othello*, “a couple of the most accurate compositors in general had substituted *palace* and *less* and *catch*, instead of *tragedy*, *more*, and *ensnare*.”—Vol. xix, p. 402.

you give immediate assistance, and with all other, *our* wealth (not "*your*"), which is to preserve *you* and pay *your* labour liberally, will be destroyed."—See the Governor's speech, a little before, where he uses the same incitement to them to work.

—— Good worthy citizens,
Follow me all, and all your powers give to me !
I will reward you all.
Freedom and wealth to him that helps. Follow, oh follow !
Fling wine or any thing. *I'll see it recompensed, &c.*

They are now urged in the strongest manner, by being told that this wealth, which is held out as furnishing their reward, is also in equal danger of being destroyed. So read :—

Capt. All is gone.—
"Unless you undertake it straight. *Our* wealth too,
That must preserve and pay *your* labour bravely ;—
Up, up, away !"

P. 501. Read—

She'd have laid hands on her own life.

I do not see that anything is lost, as the editors of 1778 assert. Both the folios read "*have*;" the editor adopts Mason's correction, "*had*."

VOL. VIII.

THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

P. 123. Altho' it be a *weighty* ceremony.

Although, as is said in the note (for the old editions read "*witty*"), that wit and wisdom were, in the language of those days, synonymous terms, so that any number of examples might be quoted (Reed, in his note, saying too cautiously, "*other* examples might be produced"), yet it cannot with any propriety be introduced into this place ; and the editor accordingly has printed as I conceive the poet wrote : the two words, from their similarity in *sound* and in *spelling*, being easily confounded. In Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, act ii, sc. 4, "*Tamb.* Are you the *witty* King of Persia?" for "*wise*."

THE PROPHETESS.

P. 257. *Sith* that thou art dishonest, false of faith.

The first folio, "sigh," and so the modern editions; but with great disregard to the poetical sense, which is deeply injured, and overlooking the cause of the typographical error.—"Sith," for since, "sithe" for sigh, and then "sigh." Though I do not see "sithe" for sigh in Richardson's *Dictionary*, it is a legitimate word, and invariably used in the Eastern Counties dialect, where "sigh" is seldom heard. See J. Hawes's *Temple of Glas*, iiiii:—

"Then young folkes cryed and often *sythed*."

See the *Knave in Grain*, p. 22:—

"Like another rousing *sighth*,
Would well split me, gay and *blithe*."

the old ed. 1640 wrongly has *sigh*.

"*Sigh*" (says Dr. Nares in his *Elements of Orthoepey*, p. 106) "is by some persons pronounced as if written with '*th*,' a pronounciation which our theatres have adopted." "Spenser has written it *sythe*, and rhymed it to *blythe*, which differs from the theatrical mode only in giving the soft sound to *th*, instead of the hard." See Spenser's *Colin Clout*, line 23, v. p. 106; and Tyrwhitt's *Glossary on Chaucer*, voc. *Sight*; Todd's *Spenser*, vol. vii, 43, &c. &c.

THE SEA VOYAGE.

P. 302. Constrained us to sea, to save our lives,
Our horses and our riches,
With all we had, our kinsmen and our jewels,
In hope to find some place free from such robbers,
Where a mighty storm severed our barks, *that where*
My wife, my daughter, and my noble ladies
That went with her, virgins and loving souls,
To scape these pirates. ———

The editor says, "There is some gross corruption here, Qy. should the second *where* be *bore*?"

It appears that Sympson, at Seward's suggestion, omitted "where," and made some alterations in the next two speeches. This was quite unnecessary. Read—

"*When* a mighty storm severed our barks, *whereat*
My wife," ——— &c.

"Whereat" is changed into "that where," which is all the error; and the first "where" has replaced "when,"—the original reading. See "when" for "*where*" in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, act v, p. 340, ed. Dyce.

VOL. IX.

BEGGAR'S BUSH.

P. 24. "An eye of tame pheasants" (editor's note). "*Phasianorum foetura*."—Cole's *Dictionary*. *An eye* of pheasants is a corruption of *a nide*, or nest, of pheasants.

LOVE'S CURE.

P. 131. Thou art a proper man, if thy beard were not *red*.

It is observed in the note to this passage that Judas Iscariot was painted with a *red beard*; it might have been added, with *red hair* also. See vol. v, p. 201; vol. viii, p. 318.* And this may perhaps be the reason of the tree called the Judas Tree, the "*Cercis siliquastrum*," being so named, for it is distinguished by its *red blossom*, which, coming out in profusion before the leaves are open, have a brilliant and remarkable appearance. The tree is common in Italy, South of Europe, and *Judæa*. When it is in bloom and lit up by the rays of the setting sun, as often seen in our garden, this last month [of June], it is most beautiful, and its bright red flowers attract immediate attention and admiration. This will be mentioned again.

MAID IN THE MILL.

P. 246. Mother or "mauther," a young girl or maid.

It is quite true, as stated in the note, that "mauther" is commonly used in the Eastern Counties for a country girl; only "*is*" should be changed for "*was*," for it is a word seldom now heard, and only in the contracted and familiar form of *maw*. The old Saxon and provincial words have been dispossessed of their long dominion by the late parochial schools, and the last quarter of a century

* On this subject I may observe, that the Italian painters never (so far as I know, unless perhaps the later, as Carlo Dolce, &c.) give the Virgin Mary the colour or complexion of the Eastern countries, but rather that of a fair Saxon beauty. See Raphael as an example. Did they consider that there was less purity, less of chaste and delicate modesty, in the dark eye, the rich brow, and the redundant tresses of the South? Among the Spanish school the case is quite different.

has made a great difference, in the language of the "*country clown*." The children *now* do not understand certain words used by their parents, and the cottage has become so refined as to borrow from the French, to express what the homelier Saxon used to signify; no young female, among the poorest of the peasantry, would think of pronouncing the words "shift" or "smock," which was good Saxon enough for the maternal tongue, and they go to the *Franks* for a substitute. *Sweat* is also beginning to make way for *perspiration*. Tusser's *Husbandry* will give the best idea what the language of East Anglia was in his time, and up to the commencement of the present century.*

RULE A WIFE, &c.

P. 467. Thy maid shall be thy mistress, thou the maid,
And all those servile labours that she reached at.

* * * *

And go through cheerfully or else sleep empty, &c.

The editor says, there is not the smallest doubt but that a line is wanting; and he has accordingly marked its place with asterisks. I would however read—

Thy maid shall be thy mistress, thou the maid,
And all those servile labours that she reached at
Shall go through cheerfully, or else sleep empty.

The printer's eye in the last line caught the "*And*" which begins the line previous—a very common mistake.

VOL. X.

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

P. 31. ——— violating
So continued and so sacred a friendship.

This verse would be much improved by reading—
"A friendship so continued and so sacred."

P. 54.
After the Duke's speech—

No interruptions! Lady; on—

* On the subject of provincial words.—"*Slop*" is a word often used by the dramatists for the loose Dutchman's trousers, then much worn. It is now retained in the Eastern counties, but with a change of meaning, for the *round frock worn by country labourers*. When I was chaplain to the sheriff at the assizes at Bury St. Edmunds, at an important trial for an act of felony, where the life of the criminal was in great danger, Lord Ellenborough in his charge, not understanding the word *slop* as part of the dress, mistook it for *flap* (of the breeches), and was set right by Mr. Capel Lloft, a provincial counsel in court, and the only *legal* person present who understood it.

to Mariana, who is entering on her story, the first folio has inserted the words in *italics*.

Mariana. How ever !

Baptista. A faulkner's sonne.

Mariana. Mistake not.

With these last words of Mariana the text goes on again.* Speaking of the two short speeches marked in italics, the editor says : "They are manifestly out of place here, nor do they suit any subsequent part of this scene." Yet, turning to p. 57, I think there is a place where Baptista's speech may come in not only with propriety but even with advantage. For the first words, "*How ever*," of Mariana, I have nothing to observe, but that "*henceforth ever*" occurs a little further on : then for Baptista's—"a *falconer's son*."

Duke. — "Go not yet—

A sudden tempest that might shake a rock,

Yet he stands firm against it. Much it moves me.—

He not Alberto's son, *and she a widow*—

*And she a widow !—*Lords, your ear."

Now why the words "And she a widow" should be repeated I do not see, as the repetition adds nothing to the sense or to the poetical expression. I would read—

"He not Alberto's son,—*a falconer's son*,—

And she a widow.—

The three circumstances to be remarked are thus brought together : 1, he was not Alberto's son ; 2, he was a falconer's son ; 3, she was a widow. Cæsario's being the son of a falconer is too important a part of the confession, not to be enumerated here.

— My *falconer's wife* was brought a-bed

Of this Cæsario ; him I owned for mine,

Presented him unto a joyful father.

Duke. Can you prove this true ?

Thus, I think these words, now out of place, may be accounted for, and arranged.

* At page 53, there is a line in Mariana's speech which seems to want correction :—

Yet let my griefs have vent ; yet the clearness, &c.

Nor is Mason's note on "If strict opinion cancel shame" at all satisfactory. There is much in the speech most strangely and faultily expressed, and not to be easily comprehended. "The style of Beaumont and Fletcher," says a critic of taste and knowledge, "is elliptical and not very perspicuous : they use words in peculiar senses," &c.—See HALLAM'S *History of Literature*, vol. iii, p. 587.

P. 60. Perhaps it would be better to retain "*then*," as the editor has done, in Mariana's speech, and read—

"*And if all fail, I will learn then to conquer, &c.*"

P. 95. The following passage has occasioned much doubt and perplexity. Mariana had openly denied that she was the mother of Cæsario, and disclaimed him :—

—— It was not hate,
But fond indulgence in me, to preserve
Cesario's threatened life, in open court
That forced me to disclaim him, choosing rather
To rob him of his birthright and his honour,
Than suffer him to run the hazard of
Enraged Baptista's fury.—

This falsehood being believed, that *Cæsario* was not her son, and as the duke had sentenced her to *marry* him, she being the supposed widow of the now deceased Alberto ;—to escape the unnatural and incestuous marriage, she invented this difficult and dangerous plan of evasion to which she now alludes, first mentioning her daughter Clarissa's innocent and consequently happy marriage, which was to be celebrated that day, and comparing it with her own :—

— To me,
That am environed with black guilt and horror,
It does appear a funeral. *Though promising much*
In the conception
Were hard to manage
But sad in the event.

It is the opinion of the commentators that a line or more is lost, and various are the conjectures to supply it. Seward's long and complicated amendment, as it is called, is very tame and prosaic, his accustomed fault. I would read, only changing the place of one word (though).—

"It does appear a funeral, promising much
In the conception (though 'twere hard to manage),
But sad in the event."—

P. 184. "*Darneæ*." This word, generally obsolete, is preserved in the provincial glossary of the East Anglians, and signifies the very thick hedging gloves of labourers, formed of strong materials to resist thorns ; probably once made of some foreign material. It is still in common and constant use.—*Suff. Gloss. M.*

THE ELDER BROTHER.

P. 237. Enter Charles from his study, with a book in his hand.

Charles. What a noise is in this house. My head is broken :
Within a parenthesis—in every corner,
 As if the earth were shaken with some strange colic.
 — Come near
 And lay thine ear down—hear'st no noise ?

Here is one of the strangest corruptions that occur in the text of these plays, and which has occasioned much alarm and consternation among the commentators.

Charles is a timid, retired scholar, who has gone to his book and studies (in the last scene), saying—

Let me have no *noise*, nor nothing to disturb me—
 I am to find a secret.

In the mean time, great preparation is making below for his brother's wedding. Brisac says—

Wait on your master, for I know he wants you,
 And keep him in his study, that the *noise*
 Do not molest him.—

Charles, utterly ignorant of what is going forward, hearing various noises, but knowing nothing of the cause, nor whence they proceed, comes forward and says—

What a noise is in the house—my head is broken
 With *unapparent noises* !

The printer having divided the words wrongly, as—

Within a parenthesis, }
 With inapparent noises : }

although Charles heard the noises, yet whence they came was not apparent, as he was in the upper part of the house, and *nothing was visible*. This is clear, for he says to Andrew,

Lay thine ear down—hear'st no noise ? *

* When I first considered the corruptions apparent in these lines, and the useless attempts to set them right by any conjecture, I saw they must all fail, while the words "*Within a parenthesis*" were retained as a portion of the text, and I concluded that they formed a marginal direction; that the words "My head is broken" were to be understood as spoken *sotto voce* (aside), or in an under-tone, and were not to be brought into the regular text, which was therefore to run thus:—

"What a noise is in this house,—in every corner,
 As if the earth were shaken, &c.;"

or, at full length, with the stage direction,—

THE NICE VALOUR.

P. 333. Go not so *diffusedly*,

beautifully used by Milton, *Sam. Agon.* v. 118.

Chorus. See how he lies at random, *carelessly diffused*,
With languish'd head unpropp'd,
As one past hope, abandoned, &c.—

where the commentator points to Euripides' *Heraclid.* v. 75.

— ἴδετε τὸν γέροντα
μᾶλλον ἔπι πέδῳ
χόμενον.—

P. 358. — Away, receptacle
Of luxury and dishonour! most unfortunate
To make thyself *but lucky* to thy spoiler—
After thy sex's manner!—

Seward, who is indefatigable in guessing, proposes
“lucky.” Mason says, “he has entirely overlooked the
word ‘but’ before ‘lucky,’ which must be attended to.”

I propose (the second brother is addressing the lady)—

— “away, receptacle
Of luxury and dishonour! most unfortunate
To make thyself *unlucky* to thy spoiler,
After thy sex's manner,”—

the lady's reflection on the result of such connections
being—

“In midst of mirth comes *ruin*,” &c. &c.

P. 408. A passage somewhat perplexed in its structure
and difficult of explanation:—

Your brother is a royal gentleman,
Full of himself, honour, and honesty;

“What a noise is in this house! (*my head is broken*!)
Within a parenthesis.

— in every corner,
As if the earth were shaken,” &c.

Mr. Dyce says, “‘Within a parenthesis’ cannot be omitted without injury to the *metre*,” which words I should so far alter as to say, it cannot be omitted without injury to the *sense*, as it tells us that “My head is broken” is not to form part of the regular text, but is a privately spoken interstitial observation. Now read the whole:—

What a noise is in this house! (*my head is broken.**)
— in every corner,
As if the earth were shaken with some strange colic.

* “*Within a parenthesis*,” *i. e.* not to form part of the text.

See the word “*parenthesis*,” in Webster's ‘*Northward Hoe*,’ vol. iii, p. 242, ed. Dyce; Daye's *Law Tricks*, 1600; sig. D 4, in another sense.

And take heed, sir, how Nature bent to goodness
(So straight a cedar*) to himself, uprightness
Being wrested from his true life, prove not dangerous.

The difficulty seems most to exist in the fourth line—

So straight a cedar to himself, uprightness,
and how to adapt it to the rest of the speech.

The old editions thus :—

And take heed, sir, how Nature bent to goodnesse
(So straight a cedar to himselfe) uprightness,
Be wrested from its true life, prove not dangerous.

On these lines Mr. Seward has made no less than *five* amendments—only one of which Mr. Mason thinks to be necessary. Heath's MS. notes also contain an alteration, that must be put aside without hesitation. The passage may have been originally ill expressed or materially injured by some means, probably by the transcriber or printer's negligence; and no conjecture can recover the true and exact reading of the author.

We must keep in mind, that both Sophia, the mother of the royal brethren, and Aubrey, their kinsman, the speakers, at the present time, are not mistrustful of *Rollo*, and do not partake in Otto's suspicion and fears of his brother's evil designs, and are trying to persuade him that they are groundless :—thus then I would read their language :—

Your brother is a royal gentleman,
Full of himself—honour and honesty ;
And take heed, sir, how (Nature bent to goodness,
So straight a cedar to herself) uprightness,
Being wrested from his true use, prove not dangerous.

The meaning,—“Take heed, sir, how Nature *having bent* † to goodness” his disposition (“straight as a cedar”)—“this uprightness” being by you “wrested from its true

* It is curious, and shows how strong is the habit of taking words for and in place of the *things* signified by them, that, frequent as is the allusion to the “cedar-tree” by our old poets, *probably not one of them had ever seen one*; and, the trees not being introduced into England till 1670, are not to be found figured in the plates of our old Herbals. The poets borrowed their allusions to them from the Old Testament: hence their mistakes in calling them “lofty,” which they are not in growth, but are, if the word is applied, as meant, to *situation*; as growing on the *lofty* heights of Lebanon; nor is the epithet *straight* appropriate or characteristic. The word *cedar*, when used by *American* writers, whether poets, or travellers, of a tree of their own country, means a very different one.

† Nature bent; *i. e.* *having bent*.

use, prove not dangerous.—I have retained *himself*; attentive to Mr. Mason's admonition, that "the right of *personifying virtues and passions* has been assumed by all dramatic writers, and by some more frequently than by Shakespeare."—The word *straight* is used in a similar manner a little before—

Soph. Now I am *straight*, my lords, and young again.

Compare *Ecclesiasticus*, cap. iv, v. 12 :

"He himself stood . . . as a young cedar in Libanus. . . . he behaved himself *uprightly*."

See also the *Device* of Mortimer, in Marlowe's *Edward the Second* (p. 201, ed. Dyce)—

"A lofty cedar tree fair flourishing," &c.

Again, King Edward says—

"I am that cedar, shake me not too much."

P. 209.

BLOODY BROTHER.

The tale of Sinon, when he took upon him
To ruin Troy.

The tale of "Sinon" forms a favourite allusion in our older poets. See Peele's Works (*Edward I*) vol. i, p. 128 (a corrupt passage); vol. ii, p. 188, "false Sinon had betrayed in his snares;" p. 287, she-sinnow, where, with the editor, "Sinon" or "Sinner" should be read; Marlowe's *Dido*, vol. ii, p. 353; ed. 1826,* "Sinon's Perjury." Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, vol. viii, p. 85; Braithwaite's *Nature's Embassie*, p. 94; *Subtill Sinon*, &c.

P. 415. The following passage is corrupt in the text, or, if not, most obscure and ill expressed. In the course of

* Marlowe's Works, 1826; an edition often wrongly attributed to Mr. Dyce, who was then only *primævo flore juventæ*. His edition of the Dramatist, in 1850, is much to be commended. We would inform him that the words which puzzled himself and the learned Mr. Crossley, "*quod tumeraris*," in Dr. Faustus (vol. ii, p. 18) should be read "*quibz. numeratis*;" i. e., the names of the infernal deities invoked.

five lines, adding one a little previous and one following, the word "*all*" is repeated no less than seven times!

Matilda. — tis justice still,
For goodness' sake to encounter ill with ill.

Otto. Past *all* doubt,
For *all* the sacred privilege of night,
This is no time for us to sleep or rest in.
Who knows not *all* things holy are prevented
With ends of *all* impiety?—*all* but
Lust, gain, ambition.—

Otto is fearful of the designs of his "bloody brother" Rollo against him. His sister Matilda advises him to meet "mines of treason with counter-mines," to which his speech, as given above, is the answer. "Night," he says, "has the *sacred* privilege of security; but in our present and peculiar case it is no time now *for us* to take sleep and rest." Then come the lines—

Who knows not all things holy are prevented
With ends of all impiety?—all but
Lust, gain, ambition.—

The argument being, that things or places, however holy and sacred (as night is), are used to impious and wicked purposes by the evil passions of mankind; and then he mentions three of the strongest and fiercest of them. I would, with no more change than in such a passage is allowable, in order to restore the sense, read—

"Who knows not all things holy are *perverted*
To the ends of all impiety?—*'bove* all,
Lust, gain, ambition."

"Perverted" is Seward's reading, followed by his *paraphrase* of the author's lines. "'bove all" for "all but" is the only alteration I have made.*

* The commentators on Beaumont and Fletcher (with the exception of the present editor) are far too lavish in loose conjectural alterations of the text of the authors, and consequently must bear with the title of "*Volatici et ventosi homines*," as given to persons of their class;—a passage in that most learned prelate's (Bishop Horsley) translation of Hosea—which has been with justice called "admirable for its deference to the authority of MSS., and distrust of conjectural criticism"—is well worth the deep attention of all who take on themselves the character of critics, and the office of editors of works, where the integrity of the text has been injured, or the structure of the language is peculiar, affected, and anomalous. See also Prof. Wytttenbach's *Life of D. Ruhnken*, pp. 33–40.

VOL. XI.

THE NIGHT WALKER.

P. 135. *Nurse* (speaking of an old man married).

“Would he had been hanged when he first saw her,
‘*Termagant*.’”

Lady. What an angry quean is this!—&c.

I can make nothing of this term, if it is to belong to the nurse’s speech in the text, and to be used of a *man*, as it anciently was occasionally; *vide A King and no King*, vol. ii, p. 306. “This would make a saint swear like a soldier, and a soldier like a *termagant*.” But “*termagant*” is also used of a female, and in the sense of “angry quean.” I consider it to be only a *marginal* variation of that term, as if she said, “What a *termagant* is this!” Nares says, “the word has subsided into the signification of a *scolding woman*.” Hear what a learned Master of the Art says on the subject of marginal readings:—

“Perhaps you think it an *affected and absurd idea*, that a *marginal note* can ever creep into the text; yet I hope you are not so ignorant as not to know that this has actually happened not merely in hundreds or thousands, but in millions of places.”—PORSON’S *Letters to Travis*, p. 150.

LOVE’S PILGRIMAGE.

P. 230. With a Zardina and Zant oil.

The editor might with benefit have omitted Sympson’s note, in which he tells us that a sardine and an anchovy are the same fish!! The catalogues of the Italian warehouses would instruct him better. One is the “*Clupea Sardinia*” of Cuvier, the other the “*Clupea Encrasicolus*.” The *sardine* is preserved and eaten with oil, which is alluded to by the poet.

TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

P. 332. The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor *chough hoar*.

So in Mr. Dyce’s edition; but “*chough hoar*” is Mr. Sympson’s correction, to make the couplet rhyme, the

original reading being "chough *hee*." But this is a most rash conjecture, and cannot stand, being opposed to the truth. The *chough* has a shining *black* plumage, like the raven and crow. In the old editions it stands thus:—

"The crow, the slanderous cuckoe, *nor*
The boding raven, nor chough *hee*."

I would observe that the *chough* is a daw, and that "chough" and "daw" are convertible terms.—1, *Corvus monedula*; 2, *Corvus graculus*. See Higgins's *Nomenclator*, p. 59, 'A chough or daw;' Milbourne on Dryden's *Virgil*, p. 51, "The chough or daw;" Cotgrave, *Chouchette*, "the chough, daw." These words were therefore easily interchanged, and the true reading appears to be—

"The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, chough, nor daw."

It is impossible to account for corruptions of a text; but, as the first line in the old edition stood thus—

"The crow, the slanderous cuckoe,"

an ignorant printer might endeavour at a rhyme by

"The boding raven, nor chough *hee*."

However, the learned critic, Mr. Sympson, should have remembered—

"*Nigras* inter aves, avis est, quæ plurima turres,
Antiquas ædes, *celsaque* fana colit," &c.

The dress of the *chough* * is the same as the daw, with the exception of his legs, which are of a bright orange; and they are both, in fact, of the same colour as the reverend editor's is, or should be, because, like him, he is, for the same twofold purpose,

"A great frequenter of the church,
Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch,
And *dormitory* too."

P. 336. *Theseus*. It is true,
And I will give you comfort
To give your dead lords graves

* See a note on the "Chough," in the *Variorum Shakespeare*, vol. xvii, p. 257, n. 3.

As Mr. Dyce says both sense and measure are somewhat deficient and some words are wanting; I think they may be thus supplied by referring to the speeches of the two Queens, whom Theseus is addressing:—

“And I will give you comfort *in your beds*,
To give your dead lords graves, *who yet have none.*”

1st Queen. — think, dear Duke, think
What beds our slain kings have!

2nd Queen. — What griefs our beds,
That our dead lords have none!

1st Queen. — our lords
Lie blist’ring ’fore the visitating sun.

P. 351. *Theseus*. Since I have known fight’s fury, friends’ behests,
Love’s provocations, zeal in a mistress’ task;
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
’T hath set a mark which Nature could not reach to
Without some imposition, sickness in will,
Or wrestling strength in reason.*

Mr. Dyce has omitted giving the various explanations of the latter part of this speech, by the commentators, as not being satisfactory to him; and, not possessing any modern edition of these Dramatists, I am ignorant of them. My own interpretation of a somewhat obscure and difficult passage is as follows.—The enthusiastic admiration felt and expressed by Theseus of the courage and character of the two Theban brothers in arms, Arcite and Palæmon, is of the highest kind, and his feelings of anxiety for them, their safety and recovery, is expressed in terms of corresponding emphasis and force.

— “their lives concern us
Much more than Thebes is worth.”—

— “Minister
What man to man may do, *for our sake more.*”

“But forty thousand-fold, we had rather have them,
Prisoners to us than death.”

Again:—

“*For our love*
And just Apollo’s mercy all *our best*,
Their best skill tender.”—

* We give the text from the editor’s reading, which, on the whole, may be considered judicious, for no one can say what was the authentic and original one.

Now, observing that Theseus had just beheld these heroic brethren for the *first time* in the heat of the battle, the thoughtful tenderness and strong affection here shown, is as unexpected as uncommon; though we were prepared by his previous address to the queens, for a kind, religious feeling and affectionate disposition,

— As we are men,
Thus should we do—being sensually subdued,
We lose our human title—good cheer, ladies, &c.

This and such as this is not the ordinary characteristic of the hero, nor the language of a monarch just flushed with victory, and hot from the field of battle. But the attachment to the wounded prisoners is also as remarkable for the *suddenness* of its growth, as for the impatient and eager manner in which it is expressed. “Bear them *speedily* from our air to them *unkind*,” is added to the other commands; and then the speaker breaks off into a meditative reflection, which forms the passage that has occasioned so much difficulty:—

Since I have known fight’s fury, friends’ behests,
Love’s provocations, zeal, a mistress’ task,
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness;
[It] hath set a mark, which Nature could not reach to
Without some imposition, sickness in will,
Or wrestling strength in reason.

I presume that the speaker felt conscious of the singular emotions he had so strongly and vividly expressed in favour of the prisoners, yet assuredly without any reasons that would appear adequate to others, or justify the language he had used; they were the feelings of a moment, bursting forth in the impressive energy of a full-grown passion; and in his consciousness of the fact, he is led to refer the excitement, to the *peculiar condition of his mind*, weakened by the injuries it had received from what he had suffered in the various trials and temptations of his life—whether from internal passion, or from outward circumstances, which had impaired the power of his will and the strength of his reason. It is the affecting picture of one conscious of his infirmity, and reflecting on the melancholy nature of its causes and effects. In the sudden violence of his

attachments, in the eagerness of his commands, in the rapid transition of his thoughts, in the emphasis of his language, he is aware of a deviation from the ordinary action of a sound, temperate, and equal mind ; he says,

— “ Pray for me, your soldier,
Troubled I am.”—

He thus confesses his weakness, and feels that the moral balance of the affections had been disturbed, and the powers of nature oppressed and injured by the force of the various conflicts to which they had been unequally exposed. It is indeed a speech that, in its reflective and philosophical sentiments, bears the impress of Hamlet's character, and marks similar to those of Shakespeare's hand.* At least the varied and beautiful groundwork here laid might have been heightened into a character of noble lights and shadows in the future scenes by the hand of a Master ; but is subsequently so faded and lost sight of, that we may be inclined to believe the remainder of the play to have fallen into the hands of an inferior artist, who had not power to sustain the original conception ; certainly a composition offering stronger contrasts of excellence and weakness, of natural powers and artificial effect, can perhaps seldom be found. And now let me conclude with a general observation on the text of our authors as given by a critic of learning and judgment :—“ Of all our early dramatic poets, none have suffered such mangling by the printer as Beaumont and Fletcher. Their style is generally elliptical, and not very perspicuous ; words are used in peculiar senses, and there seems an attempt at pointed expression in which its meaning has deserted them. But after every effort to comprehend their language, it is continually so remote from all possibility of bearing a rational sense, that we can only have recourse to one hypothesis—that of an extensive and irresponsible corruption of the text.”—HALLAM's *History of Literature*, vol. iii, p. 587.

* In this play, concerning the authorship of which, there is so much variety of opinion, I certainly am inclined to agree with Mr. Hallam in seeing *imitations* of *Shakespeare*, rather than such resemblances as denote his powerful stamp.

"A FEW NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE,"

BY THE REV. A. DYCE.

"At last it was agreed on all sides, to refer the matter to the decision of *Shakespeare*, who delivered his sentiments as follows:—'Faith, gentlemen, it is so long since I wrote that line, that I have forgot the meaning.'"

"He was then interrogated concerning some other ambiguous passages in his works; but he declined any satisfactory answer, saying, 'If Mr. Theobald had not wrote about it sufficiently, *there were three or four more new editions of his plays coming out*, which he hoped would satisfy every one.'"—FIELDING'S *Journey from this World to the Next*, chap. viii.

P. 12. The *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i, s. 3:—

"She discourses, she *carves*."

To Mr. Hunter is the praise justly due of pointing out the more accurate and precise meaning of the word *carve*, as distinguished from the more common one in present use; yet I can hardly agree with him when he says, "It is a quite different word." To me it certainly appears to be the same word derived from the same source (*kerven*, to cut up), but used with a secondary meaning. In all the instances in which it is quoted by Mr. Hunter and Mr. Dyce it has reference to *the table*, which indeed Mr. Dyce allows. I consider that the meaning of the word is transferred from the *dish* carved and offered by the gentleman to the lady, to the compliment or civility with which it was accompanied when presented. This secondary or subservient meaning took place of the original according to the ordinary custom of language, and at length superseded it; and a salutation or mark of civility, offered *without* the accompanying viand, at length assumed the same signification as it originally possessed, when it only formed the graceful mode of presenting it. The words of compliment and courtly address *

* "To love's sweet life this is the *courtly carving*."—Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, third Sestiad.

became the leading features of *carving*, while the former disappeared before it. A person may pay a compliment as he hands the dish, but he may often wish to pay the airy compliment without the substantial companion of it being present. I am more satisfied with accepting the word in an altered meaning, easily and naturally to be explained, than by presuming one altogether different.

P. 58. "Judas was hanged on an *elder*." Mr. Dyce has given from Pulci (*Morg. Mag.* cxxv, st. 77) the belief that he selected the Carob-tree.

"Era di sopra a la fonte *un carubbio*,
L'arbor, si dice, ove s'impiccò *Guida*."

This I have not met with elsewhere. The carob-tree of Italy and the south of Europe is the *Ceratonia siliqua*, or St. John's Bread Tree, called in the modern Greek *Ξυλοκέρατα*, the *κερατεία* of St. Luke, cap. xv, 16.* The fruit is used chiefly to feed the horses and mules. A large importation of this fruit to Odessa is carried on, amounting to 80,000 rubles for this purpose; and Denon informs us that in the bay called La Ponzalla, vessels come to load with *carob-beans*, which are brought in such quantities to this part of the island (Sicily), that we saw piles of them on the shore like heaps of coal (p. 297). The tree however, as I have mentioned, that has obtained the unenviable celebrity of being selected by the traitor is the Judas Tree (*Cercis siliquastrum*), *κουτζοπια μονκλια*, probably being a corruption of "*the tree of Judæa*." Gerard says in his *Herbal*, 1428, "This is thought to be the tree on which Judas hanged himself, and not upon the *elder-tree*, as is commonly said." See *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, 1617, T. Heywood:

— "pray, pray, lest I live to see
Thee, *Judas-like*, hanged on an *elder-tree*."

See Mr. Dyce's note in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, act iv. "The hat he wore, Judas left under the *elder-tree* on which he hang'd himself." P. 329, Mr. D. mentions an *old*

* I know but of a single specimen of the *carob-tree* in the open ground in England, viz. in the garden of Lord Mount Edgcumbe at Plymouth. It is however trained against a wall.

acquaintance of his, a great traveller, who had seen the very tree!

P. 91. "Cowslips *tall*."* This, in spite of the MS. correction of Mr. Collier's volume, is a very appropriate epithet of the cowslip. It is an upright-growing flower, and *tall* compared to its common companions of the field—the daisy, primrose, violet, &c.; besides, there is a wild variety called the *oxlip*, which is of remarkable strength and height. Mr. Dyce's note is quite to the purpose, and I will add an example of this very distinguishing epithet being given to it, in an elegant and well-known little poem—

"Where *cowslips* clad in mantle meek,
Nod their *tall heads* to breezes weak."

Ode on the Approach of Summer (T. WARTON).

P. 70. *Taming of the Shrew*, act iv, sc. 2:—

— I spied
An *ancient angel* coming down the hill.

The MS. corrector in Mr. Collier's folio reads *ambler*, a word sounding most ludicrously to our ears, as apparently it does to Mr. Dyce's. It is not in this manner that the text of our author is to be corrected, by looking out for a word of no very distant resemblance; for the true reading may be very unlike the corrupt one, and the source of error have no connection with the similitude of sounds and letters. That the word "angel" is wrong I fully believe, for I can give no proper sense to it. Secondly, the words of the text, commencing consecutively in the same letters, are very suspicious:—"An *ancient angel*"—certainly a rare combination of letters—looking like a mistake of a hurried compositor. I think the word is gentleman, or "gentle," used for gentleman. And when in act v, sc. 1, I read, "Sir, you seem a sober *ancient gentleman*," I am more confirmed in my supposition. In *Hamlet*, act v, sc. 11, there is no *ancient gentlemen* but gardeners; and in *Love's Labour Lost*, act iv, sc. 2, "*Gentles* are at their game,"

* The cowslip, oxlip, and primrose, are the same flower, easily convertible into one another by sowing the seed, varied by circumstances of soil, &c.

Theobald would read "Engle," the letters that compose this are close to mine. Mr. Dyce's note on the passage should be read and duly considered.—"*Suum cuique, et nobis nostrum relinquimus judicium.*"

P. 107. *Troilus and Cressida*.] Where could Mr. Collier * have learned that a falcon meant a *female hawk*? "The falcon as the Tercel," &c.—Act iii, sc. 2.†

The falcon is a *genus* of birds, containing a considerable variety of species.

P. 134. *Hamlet*.] Mr. Dyce remarks that in Garrick's time the *cock crowed in Hamlet*. It is said in the life of one of the actors, I think of George Cooke, that on one occasion not fewer than *six cocks* were collected in order to summon the spirit to his diurnal residence, lest one cock, like one single *clock*, might not keep time exactly, when the matter was of importance.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging: such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy Night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing Night,
That *runawayes* eyes may winke, and Romeo
Leape to these armes, untalked of and unseen.

Romeo and Juliet, act iii, sc. 2.

It is not my intention to make any remarks on the various conjectures of the commentators on this much-disputed passage, further than by observing, that each conjecture I believe to be supported by the single vote of its parent—the person who brings it forward. Amid such diversity of opinion, the ground may be considered to be quite open for any fresh adventurer; and perhaps my purpose may be more favourably received, or at least less reluc-

* In mentioning Mr. Collier's name, we beg to express our grateful recollection, in the only way we *now* can, of the important services he has rendered to our dramatic literature and our early poetry.

† We believe Collins to be the latest poet who has introduced the *Tercel* into poetry, the language of falconry having died away.—"By whom the *Tarso's* eyes were made."

tantly viewed, when it is seen, that I have declined the ambition of proposing any new reading, and have confined myself entirely to the establishment of the old*—the object, in fact, being to restore to the Poet the genuine coin that has been taken out of his hands, and whose place has been supplied with baser metal from other mints.

There is an older poem, called, *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, printed in 1562, and reprinted by Malone in his edition of Shakespeare. That this poem would throw some light on the language of the play, if known to Shakespeare, was most probable; I therefore read it carefully, and with particular attention to those expressions mutually made use of in the earlier poem and in the later play. Such verbal coincidences as were expected, appeared; and it became clear that our great Dramatist had that poem before him during the composition of his romantic fiction. I have made some little division of the subject into its different parts, such as the nature of it admitted, the quotations being chiefly confined to the very incident related in the play which forms the subject of inquiry.

POEM.

1. When Phœbus from our hemisphere in *western wave* doe sinke.
2. The *hastiness of Phœbus' steeds* in great dispyte they blame.
3. As oft in summer-tide, when clouds do dimme the sunne,
And straight again in clearest skye his *restless steeds* do runne.
4. The *golden-crested Phœbus* bosteth him in skye.
5. When thou ne lookest wide, ne closely dost thou *winke*.
6. The golden sun art gone to *lodge him in the west*.

Now, compare the expressions marked in italics in the quotations with those in the passage placed at the head of this article, as—

1. Fiery-footed steeds.
2. Phœbus' lodging.
3. Whip you to the west.
4. Eyes may winke,†

and we shall arrive at the conclusion, that the author of the

* "It is not the business of an editor to new-write his author's works."—MALONE.

† Shakespeare uses the word *winking* with an unusual application in the following passage:—

"Confronts your city's eyes, your *winking gates*."

King John, act ii, sc. 1.

play had the poem before him, and made use of some remarkable expressions in it. Again—

POEM.

1. Young Romeo climbs fair Juliet's *bower* at night.
2. So light he wox, *he leaped the wall*, and then he spyde his wyfe.
3. And from the window's top down had he *leaped* scarce,
But she with *arms outstretched wide*, so hard did him embrace.
4. And by her *long and slender arms* a great while then she hung.

Now, see the play—

1. When thou didst *bower* the spirit of a fiend.
2. *Leap* to these *arms* untalked of and unseen.

Again—

POEM.

1. But *black-faced Night* with Winter rough, ah! beaten over sore.
2. But when on *earth the Night her mantle black* hath spread.
3. ——— if they the heavens might gyde,
Black shade of Night, and *double dark* should straight all over byde.

Compare the play—

1. And bring in *cloudy Night*.
2. ——— Come, civill Night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in *black*.
3. With thy *blacke mantle*.
4. Come, loving, *black-brow'd Night*.

Again—

POEM.

1. Of *corde* I will bespeak a *ladder* by that time,
By which this night, while other sleepe, *I will your window climb*.
2. And for the time to come, let be our busy care,
So *wisely to direct our love as no wight else beware*.

Now for the play—

- And bring thee *cordes* made like a tackling *staire*,
Must be my convoy in the *secret night*.
2. ——— I must another way
To fetch a *ladder*, by the which you, love,
Must *climb a bird's nest* soon when it is darke.
 3. Leape to these arms, untalked of and unseen.

The quotations thus made will be sufficient to show the close attention paid by the author of the play, both to the

substance of the story and language of the old poem, through this particular portion of the drama; for the remainder, not coming within the present purpose, has not been examined and collated with the same scrupulous and verbal minuteness.

The *crux criticorum* in this passage is in the word "runaway," in the sixth line; which, being considered to be a corrupted reading, has been rejected, and many words by conjecture substituted by ingenious persons,* much pleased and satisfied with their separate offspring, and not wanting in due parental affection to recommend them to public favour. From all such persons I am however obliged to differ, as I consider "runaway" to be the true, authentic, and original expression of Shakespeare; and that by him it is here used in the sense of *Cupid* or *Love*.

Now, there are two things which Juliet stands in need of, to secure the success of her amorous projects and adventures, *i. e.* that night should come, and that Cupid should be blind; or, in other words, that the deeds of love should be hidden in darkness from the eyes and observation of the world. In a line that follows, she says, what is explanatory of the former one:—

——— If Love be blind,
It best agrees with Night.

Now, what says the elder poem?

Contented both, and yet uncontented still,
Till *Night* and *Venus'* child give leave this wedding to fulfil.

Thus the success of Juliet's designs depended on the junction of Night and Cupid in the poem as well as in the play. But then comes the question, Why is Love or Cupid called *Runaway*? Now, Love is the Ἔρως δραπέτης of the Greek poets: and what is the interpretation of δραπέτης in the dictionaries?—*Runaway*. Again, he is the "amor *fugitivus*" of the Latin poets. How is that word

* I am more and more convinced of the truth of an observation made by a first-rate critic and scholar of the last age.—"Pauci sunt, qui de *bonis correctionibus* bene judicare possint." Nor is it a less rare gift, "*spuria discernere a germanis.*"

explained?—*Runaway*. What is Cotgrave's translation of *fugitive*?—Again, *Runaway*. It is the usual word.

“When *Cupid* with his smacking whip issueth forth to *runne*.*

It must also be observed, that it was necessary that the term should be varied, as *Love* is mentioned not less than *eight* times in this passage; and had he been designated here by his name, *Cupid*, that mythological term, joined to Phœbus and Phaeton, would have given it an unnaturally stiff and learned air. It must be *especially observed*, that this speech is made by Juliet in a very excited and elevated state of mind, absorbed entirely with the hopes of possessing Romeo, and of gratifying her youthful and impetuous passion for him. Full of impatient feelings, of rapid transitions of hope and fear, hope of enjoyment and fear of discovery, strongly excited desires, gay voluptuous thoughts, leading to wild extravagant fancies, she takes up with the first image and expression that presented itself most forcibly, till, in the picture of “cutting Romeo into little stars,” her fancy loses itself in its own hurried combinations, and gives unrestrained scope and license to its wanderings. Under these circumstances, it seems to me the very *characteristic* word which gives its effect to the whole passage, and is most apt and beautiful in its wild expression of gaiety, which is emblematic of the state of her mind, approaching, as she then believes, to the consummation of all her desires; and at length, in the ardency of youth, only mentioning her doubts and fears one moment, in order to forget them the next.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say, that the word “runaway” is used elsewhere by Shakespeare, in the *Merchant of Venice*, and in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. I have somewhere read, that a passage has been discovered in some poems, in which Cupid is called *Runaway*. This is well; but I do not feel in want of any additional support, to convince me that it is the very identical word demanded—that it sheds

* “Only our *love* hath no decay,
Running, it never runs from us away.”—DONNE.

“Yet, shepherd, what is love, I pray?
It is a thing *will soon away*.”

Vide *England's Helicon*, p. 90.

a pleasing and gay light, which colours the whole passage with its proper hue—that no word could be substituted for it, without deeply impairing the poetical truth; and lastly, that Shakespeare himself placed it there.

It may also be observed that this interpretation preserves the authentic reading of the text—*Runawayes*, whereas many of the conjectural readings render it necessary to alter it to *Runaway*, a license not without sufficient cause to be admitted. I therefore, so far as my influence extends, cannot agree to this word being removed, for the substitution of any other that has been suggested, or for any reason hitherto alleged.

1. It is a word much more commonly in use in Shakespeare's days than in ours.

2. It is a familiar, playful, fanciful name, suited to moments, as these, of pleasing excitement, hurried thought, and joy.

3. It is the English translation of *fugitivus*, by which Cupid is as well known, as Jupiter by the title of "The Thunderer," Neptune "The Trident Bearer," Diana "The Huntress," &c.—the "epitheton perpetuum" standing for the "nomen."

4. It is an epithet applied to him (*fugitivo*) by the Italian poets, and this is an Italian story.

5. It is used as an *emblem*, in which his history and habits and nature are described.

6. Lastly, it is the word established in the text of all the old editions.

And now it is time that I should take my hand from the subject, on which I may appear rather unexpectedly to have entered, and leave the further investigation to those who are pursuing, I believe with success, the honourable task of preparing for public use a more pure and perfect text of our great Dramatic Author, accompanied with correct and appropriate illustrations, than was ever previously composed. Time has confirmed the necessity of explaining our older poets by means brought from the age in which they lived; by exploring obscure channels of

research, by illustrating remote allusions, and explaining language long antiquated and disused. In undertaking so arduous a task, no little courage is required to meet the expectations that will be raised, and much patience in bringing the labour required to its due fulfilment. No one can successfully attempt to achieve it who has not previously collected ample materials, and has his treasure of learning in reserve, and who, by frequent and practical acquaintance with his author, cannot readily apply them. When difficulties occur, sometimes there will be a demand for the faculty of judgment, and the slow process of logical reasoning; and sometimes errors will be detected, and disappear before the sudden and rapid flight of acuteness and ingenuity. Sometimes a successful emendation will arise with an easy and spontaneous birth, and sometimes it will be the slow result of subtle thought or laborious calculation. Much may be done by a curious happiness of conjecture,* and much by extent of erudition. To form a Critic, a union of rare and valuable qualities is required. To the gifts of nature must be added the results of study, and each will be imperfect without the assistance of the other; the result of this necessary combination will be to enable the possessor to avoid those rocks on which so many reputations have been shipwrecked—a temerity and love of change on the one side, and a timid and superstitious adherence to error on the other. “Eruditio quæ ut parum, aut nihil sine ingenio; sic sine eruditione, ne perspicassimum quidem ingenium quicquam effecerit.”

It may probably happen, that when (for example) the expected edition by Mr. Dyce appears, some who have been accustomed to the bolder proposals and frequent alterations of the former commentators, may slightly regard the changes made by a gentler and more careful hand, and consider that little has been gained when so little seems to appear; but this apparent defect would be the certain sign of a

* Such is the *ἀγχινοια*, required by the Greek writers on the subject—“rem acutangere,” of the Latins. “Sed hoc *fingere* est, inquit ὁ δέϊνα;—Immo totum hoc critices negotium est *fingere* : modo ita fiat, ut ne a verisimilitudine aberret;” but when texts are corrupt, a little experience will teach the critic to be content with *improvement*, where complete restitution is unattainable. “Locus corruptus quem nisi sanituti restituere, morbi tamen parte levare poterimus.”

skilful and happy application of the true principles of the art. "In summâ artis intentione" (such is the sound and acute observation of Pliny when speaking of Protagoras) "*minor erat fertilitas.*"

We may now look back with something like wonder at the manner in which the older editors approached their voluntary task, apparently without any preparation or reflection on that proper system to be pursued which could alone be successful:—when Pope altered what he did not approve—when Warburton called on his ready invention, his discursive erudition, and his ingenious fancy, to supply the place of patient investigation and inquiry—and when Steevens forced his own unauthorized system of versification into a theory, to be maintained at the costly sacrifice of his author's genuine reading; nor can any one, deeply jealous of the integrity of Shakespeare's text, be led to approve the strange deviations from the original which have been made by some *later* editors, in opposition to the earlier authorities, and to the just laws of sound criticism.* From want of sufficient preparation for a task which demanded long previous studies, chiefly arise, I believe, those rash and inconsiderate innovations, and this delusive and dangerous plan of supplying the want of knowledge by unsupported assertion and a confident boldness of conjecture; and we trust that the system (if such it can be called) so utterly destructive of truth, and so unworthy of all acknowledged talent and finished learning, has altogether passed away. "We had indeed," to use another's language, "much to learn, much to obliterate, and much to mend."

From any such future deviation from all that could inspire confidence or increase sound instruction we are now, I believe, quite safe. It is of the utmost importance that we should, whether by separate or combined efforts, possess as perfect an edition of our greatest Poet as by any means or appliances we can command. It is the noblest subject any commentator could desire; for it will call out at once all a scholar's learning, all a critic's acuteness, and all a poet's

* "Satius est ulcus intactum relinquere, cui mederi non possis; multum in his rebus, valet *tempus.*"

genius. Here Philology may exhaust her stores of erudition ; and here Philosophy may be induced awhile to leave the severity of the schools, to preside over the mimic representations of Truth, and to clothe the august lessons of Wisdom, with the brightest hues of imaginative decoration.

The names of Jonson and Fletcher, and of others scarcely of lesser fame, are pre-eminently great—sufficient to stand at the head of any drama of any country, and to render it illustrious. In variety of character, in richness of invention, and wisdom of reflection, even the muse of the Athenian stage must retire before them. Irreparable would indeed be the loss of their writings to our literature and language ; but when compared to Shakespeare they shrink into a narrower compass, and seem comparatively wanting in the treasures of imaginative wealth (which in him seem inexhaustible), and weak in that inventive and creative power by which he has formed an imperishable world of his own.* There is that in Shakespeare's mind that thus appears to separate itself from all others. He seems alone to have ascended into the *highest* sphere of intellectual life ;—to have surveyed, as from an eminence never reached before, the entire framework of human society—the whole internal structure of the moral universe ; to have penetrated into the deepest recesses of the human heart, and to have commanded the boundless prospect of the thoughts, the passions, and the affections of mankind. There is however one view more of this mighty mind which, without disrespect, may be mentioned as bringing with it an interest altogether of a different kind :—it is when disengaging himself from the attraction of fiction, and quitting that world of ideal beauty in which he chiefly delighted to dwell, he addresses us in his own person, and unfolds the secret memorials of private life. Far above all local interests, all written records, all

* "Thinking as I do," says Mr. Dyce, "that Shakespeare is *unlike* the other dramatists of Elizabeth and James's age ; that his method of *conceiving and working out character* (to say nothing of his diction) is peculiarly his own—I deny the truth of a passage in Hazlitt's *Lectures on the Dramatists of the Age of Elizabeth* :—'He towered above his fellows, in shape and gesture proudly eminent ; but he was *one* of a race of giants, the tallest, the strongest, the most graceful and beautiful of them, *but it was a common and noble brood.*'" P. 12, ed. 1840. We hope that this opinion, here casually given, will be more fully expanded and illustrated in the forthcoming edition of our great Poet's works.

historic documents (though these are not to be willingly disbelieved or disregarded), is that wonderful disclosure of himself made, as it were, confidentially to us in a separate portion of his poetry, which I never can read without feelings of deep and painful emotion, for it is the picture of one by his own hand self-accused, confessing that he has been unfaithful to himself and to the guardianship of that matchless treasure entrusted to his care. It is the language of him (if I rightly interpret it) who has awakened but too late to the conviction, that much of the noble gifts bestowed on him by Nature he has permitted to be profaned by worldly and worthless hands, and that he has endangered at once the purity and independence of the noblest of created minds. Well indeed might a writer who has done justice to Shakespeare's genius, and never mentioned his name without feelings of deep respect, while tracing his narrative through this portion of the poet's history, which contains a voice from the profound depths of the afflicted spirit, exclaim, "There was a time in Shakespeare's life when that mighty heart was ill at ease."* This combination of anxious thought, mental suffering, and intellectual power, has always been to me a portion of our poet's history more deeply attractive and affecting than any ideal representations could be; and therefore what are called his Sonnets, in my estimation, are wanting neither in poetical beauty nor depth of feeling, nor moral grandeur and dignity.†

And now, lest I should be wanting in due respect to my readers, in leaving them with only this very imperfect testimony of my own opinion, on a subject worthy of the greatest minds, I will lay before them a few other records of those who, having themselves received the full meed of

* Of B. Jonson I have only room now to say, that had he not bequeathed to us that memorable page in which he has delighted to express his admiration of one who, he believed, had no superior, and scarcely knowing who could claim a second place beside him—on whom he had gazed with admiration in his meridian splendour, and followed with eyes of love and veneration in the darkness of his late decline—we should have wanted a most impressive and affecting picture of the grateful attachment of one great mind to another still greater than itself, expressed in that pure and native eloquence, that as it comes from, so it goes directly to, the heart. Our historic gallery possesses nothing superior to the passage in which Jonson speaks of the illustrious Bacon in his closing days of adversity. The lines are few, but it is a noble subject treated by a masterly hand.

† See on this subject Mr. Wordsworth's Supplement to the Preface to his Poems, vol. i, p. 321.

praise—some in life and some in death—are worthy of all attention and belief, when they bestowed it on others. “Laudari a laudato viro,” is the highest reward that man can receive; for it enables him with justice to praise himself.

OF SHAKESPEARE,

Dryden says: “He was the man of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, who had the largest and most comprehensive soul.”

Coleridge has applied to him the epithet of μυριόνοος, or thousand-souled, and speaks of his *oceanic* mind.—*Table Talk*, vol. ii, p. 361.

Goethe says: “I regard Shakespeare as a being of a superior nature.”

Dr. Chalmers: “I look on Shakespeare as an intellectual miracle. I dare say Shakespeare was the greatest man that ever lived.”

Mr. Hallam declares: “The name of Shakespeare is the greatest in literature—it is the greatest in all literature. No man comes near to him in the creative power of his mind. Compare him with Homer—the tragedians of Greece, the poets of Italy; Plautus, Cervantes, Moliere; Addison, Le Sage, Fielding, Richardson, and Scott—the romances of the later or older schools—One man has far more than surpassed them all.”*

Lastly, Mr. W. S. Landor (who is to be placed among the foremost writers of the present day, in genius as in learning) says well:—“A great poet represents a great portion of the human race. Nature delegated to *Shakespeare* the interests and direction of the whole.

* Mr. Wordsworth has made this observation, that *Lord Bacon*, in his multifarious writings, nowhere quotes or alludes to Shakespeare; and that the learned Hakewill (a third edition of whose book bears the date of 1636), writing to refute the error “touching Nature’s perpetual decay,” cites triumphantly the names of Ariosto, Tasso, Bartas, and Spenser, as instances that poetic genius had not degenerated, *but he makes no mention of Shakespeare*; on which I have to observe, that I do not believe that the public theatres on the Bankside were much resorted to by the statesmen and senators of that age; that only *some* of his plays were printed, and these very imperfectly, and in a manner very different from the beautiful editions of Spenser; and that in his lifetime there was no collection of his works. No doubt the *lives* of many of the early dramatists (such as those of Peele, Green, Nash, Middleton, &c.) served to keep them in great poverty and obscurity, and did much injury to their reputation, so as to lower the character of the whole dramatic fraternity.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

"Ἡ γὰρ τῶν λόγων κρίσις, πολλῆς ἐστὶ πείρας τελευταῖον ἐπιγένημα.—LONGINUS.

P. 18. "Cedar." In *Elegy*, xiv, p. 136, Marlowe places the cedar of Lebanon on Mount Ida—the Mountain of *Pines*—without arguing as to the propriety of the location :—

"Such as in hilly Ida's watery plains,
The cedar tall, spoil'd of his bark, retains."*

P. 26. "So continued." In perusing Marlowe's plays, it may be seen that several lines would be rendered more euphonious by a slight *transposition* of the words, without any other alteration; but such must be cautiously made, and no general rule seems established, nor has received Mr. Dyce's authority, while the habitual carelessness of the early printers might seem to permit its application, *ex. gr.* in *Tamburlaine*, vol. i, p. 167.

"Raise mounts, batter, intrench, and undermine,"
might be read—

"Batter, intrench, raise mounts, and undermine."

In *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, p. 277 :—

When suddenly gloomy Orion rose,
read—

When suddenly Orion gloomy rose.

In *Edward the Second*, vol. ii, p. 252 :—

"Come Spenser, *come* Baldock, come sit down by me,"
dele the second "come."

"Come Spenser, Baldock, come sit down by me."

I am, however, aware that the authors were often careless in these matters as well as the printers.

In the same page, it would not only improve the metre, but the force of expression, to make a slight alteration.

* Of late years another variety of cedar has been discovered on the Himalaya Mountains of India, and a third in Northern Africa, on the Hills of Taunus.

Bald. — to pine in fear
Of Mortimer and his confederates.

Edw. "Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer?"
read—
"Of Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer?"

P. 373.
read—
Ho! young man! saw you as you came?
"Ho! young man! saw you as you *hither* came?"

P. 272.
"Oh! level all your looks upon these daring men."
dele "oh" and "all."
"Level your looks upon these daring men."

Vol. i, p. 115.
Then, after all these *solemn* exequies,
We will our celebrated rites of marriage *solemnize*.

There are several marks of corrupt reading here—1, "celebrated rites;"
2, "solemn" and "solemnize;" 3, the redundant metre of the second
line. Read—

"We will our rites of marriage celebrate."

In vol. ii, p. 306, *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, I should prefer,
"And headless carcasses pil'd up in heaps,"
to
"Headless carcasses piléd up in heaps."

P. 23. "Parenthesis.] This is an assumed name of Justiniano, in
Webster's *Westward Ho*.

P. 29. "*Unapparent, inapparent.*" The syllables *un* and *in* are often
interchanged. So *unfortunate* and *infortunate* in Marlowe's *Edward the
Second*, vol. ii, p. 248; *into* and *unto*, p. 416.

P. 30. So *straight* a cedar.] See Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, vol. iii,
p. 6.
"Her body was as *straight* as Circe's wand."

And, now that I am come to the conclusion of my slender labours,
I may say these few words in explanation, or perhaps apology, for having
undertaken them: that, having been in certain instances consulted by the
editor on some passages in which the reading was doubtful, I was inclined,
partly from a natural curiosity, as the lover of nature is loath to leave the

scenes of beauty he has admired, and partly out of my great respect for him, to continue my perusal of the work on which he was employed, keeping the same object in view. My services indeed have been but slight, but every man must act according to the measure of his own strength; and no doubt but there are many who, like myself, would feel it to be a sufficient reward of their industry to be permitted to remove a few of those injuries and imperfections which by time and neglect may have gathered round some of the finest productions of genius. Yet when I reflected how little I could contribute, in comparison with what others who preceded me had effected, I was not seldom reminded of an apologue that proceeded from the fancy of some ancient fabulist, and applied it to my own case. In an assembly of the birds, it was proposed to offer a prize to whichever of them was able to soar to the loftiest elevation. The eagle's bold and powerful pinions speedily bore him far above all his competitors, and as he arrived at the summit of his flight, the palm of victory seemed already in his possession; when suddenly a *wren*, who had nestled in concealment beneath his wing, darted out, flew a few yards higher, and from weak and unjust judges carried off the prize. And now, if there remains any other point that may be thought to require explanation, let that be given in the words of a writer who at once expresses my feelings and his own:—

“Nil minus egit Wytttenbachius, quam ut supra *amicum suum* sapere velle videretur. Qui hoc suspicantur, aut ignorantia labuntur aut malevolentia ducuntur. . . Ignorant utriusque viri mores, veritatis studium, mutuam consuetudinem; ignorant Socraticam rationem, Atticamque venustatem, huic Scriptionis generi debitam. Malevolentia autem summæ est conari amicos ab amicis abalienare; si quidem verissime dicitur, maximas esse divitias, bonos amicos habere. Censori quidem non major cum animi benevolentia, quam cum ingenii elegantia communio est.”

G. L. MAHNE.

Gymnasii Amisfurtani Rector.



Library of Old Authors.

DURING the last few years there has been an increasing demand for the productions of our early literature, and the taste has been growing without a corresponding attempt to gratify it; for the reprints of early popular writers still continue to be expensive, and they are published with much diversity of plan, and in every variety of size. It is with the view of meeting this demand, under more desirable circumstances, that the present series of publications has been undertaken.

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BILL

PS

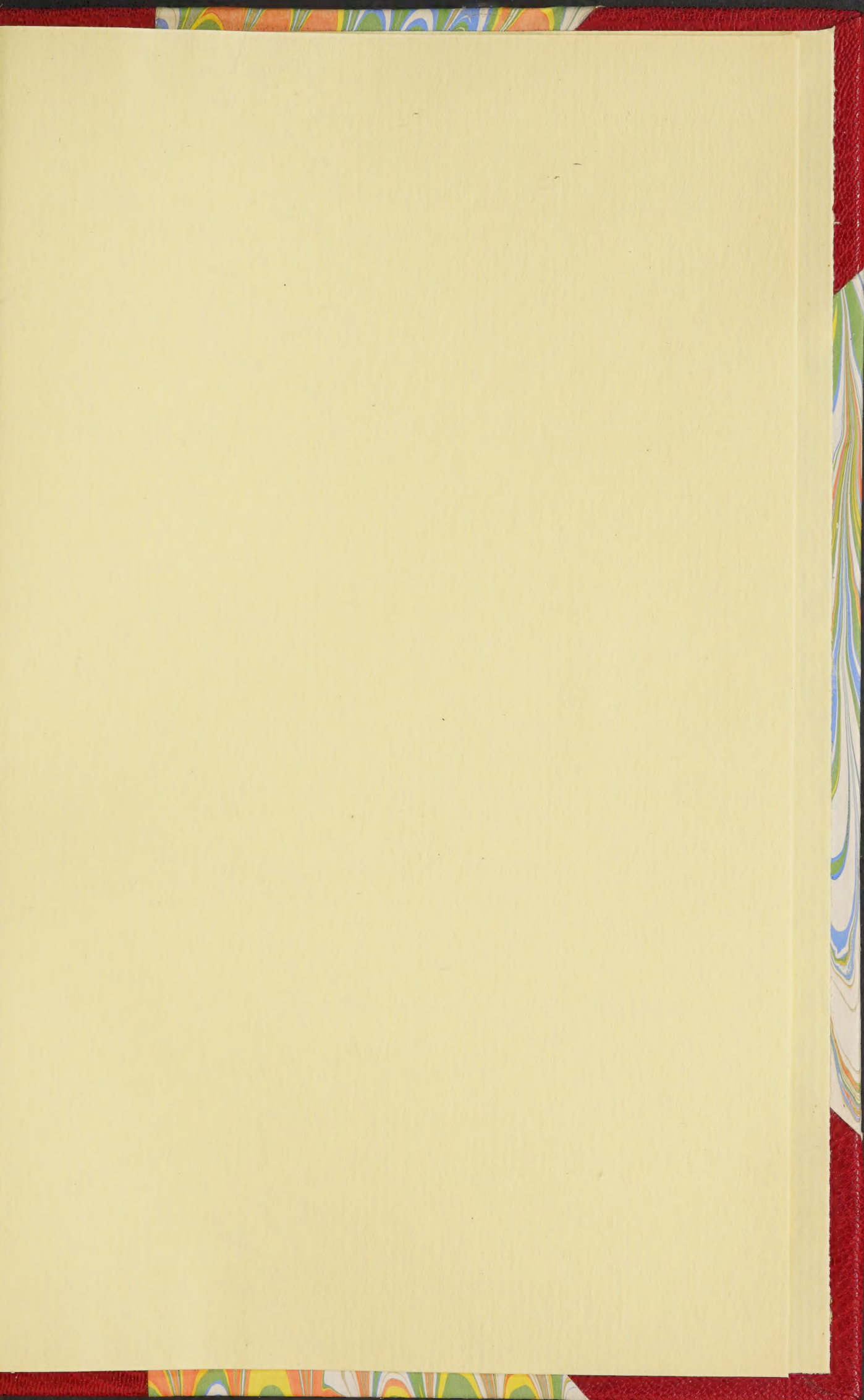
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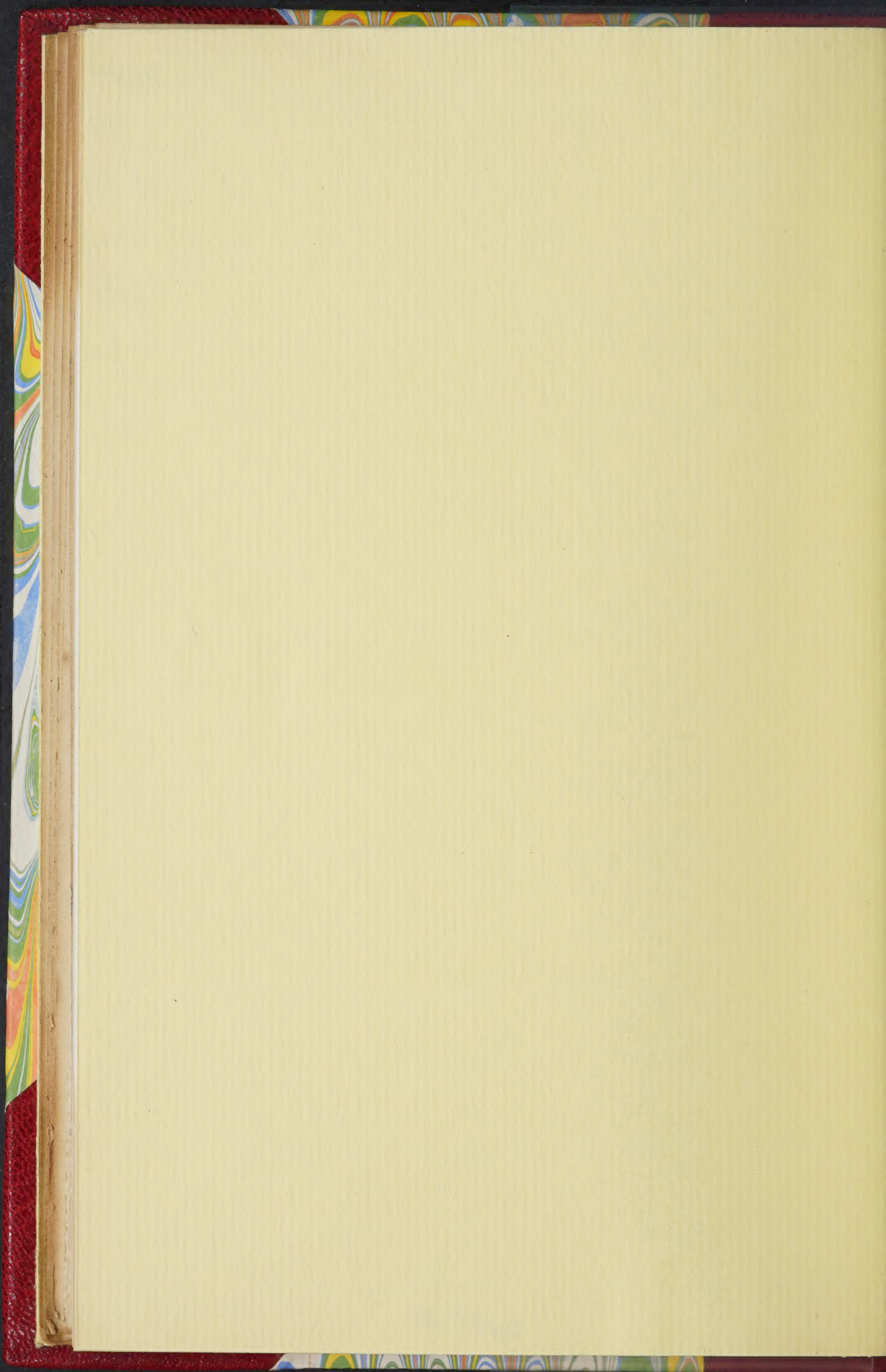
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21

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